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The Stationer to the Reader.

IF new or old wit please the reader best,
I've hope each man of wit will be our guest,
The new was fram'd to humor some mens taste;
Which if they like not, they may carve the last:
Each dish hath sauce belongs to't, and you will
By your dislike, censure the Authors skill;
Tet if you cannot speake well of it, spare
To utter your dislike, that the like snare
May entrap others; so the booke may bee
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neate fallacy:
That's all I aske yet 'twill your goodnes raise,
If as I gaine your coyn, he may your praise.



The Stationer to the Reader.

If new or old it please the reader best,
I do hope each man of wit will be our guest,
The new weas from'd to humor have men's taste;
It is if they like not, they may carve the last:
Each dish hath sauce belongs to; and you will
As your dislike, condemn the Authors skill;
For if you cannot speak well of it, spare
To utter your dislike, that the like spare
May entrap others: so the poets may be
Sold, though not sold, by a wares fallacy:
That's all I ask you, will your goodness raise
If I give you cause, be my own praise.

J. Revett



Wits Recreations.

1 To the Reader.



Xcuse me Reader though I now and
than

In some light lines doe shew my
selfe a man,

Nor be so sowre, some wanton
words to blame

They are the language of an Epigram.

2 On Battus.

Battus doth bragge he hath a world of bookes
His studies maw holds more then well it may,
But feld' or never he upon them looks
And yet he looks upon them every day,

B

He

He looks upon their out-side, but within
He never looks, nor never will begin:
Because it cleane against his nature goes
To know mens secrets, so he keeps them close.

3 On the same

I pray thee *Battus*, adde unto thy store
This booke of mine to make thy number more;
It is well bound, well printed, neatly strung,
And doth deserve to have a place among
Th'inhabitants of thy Vatican, if thou
Wilt so much favor to its worth allow.

4 An evill age.

Virgill of *Mars* and ruthfull wars did treat,
Ovid of *Venus* love, and peace did write:
Yet *Virgill* for his strain was counted great,
And *Ovid* for his love was bannished quite;
No marvell then if courtezies grow cold,
When hate is prais'd and love it self control'd.

5 On a womans will.

How dearly doth the simple husband buy,
His wiv's defect of will, when she doth dy?

Bet.

Better in death by will to let her give,
Then let her have her will whilst she doth live.

6 To a waste reader.

Thou say'st these verses are rude, ragged, rough,
Not like some others, rimes smooth dainty stuffe:
Epigrames are like satires rough without,
Like chesse-nuts sweet, take thou the kernell out.

7 Of a Judge.

Were I to choose a Captain I would than,
Not choose your courtier or a youthfull man,
No, I would choose a judge, one grim and grave;
To make a Captain such a man I'de crave:
Give me that man, whose frowning brow is death,
I, such an one, as can kill men with breath.

8 Of Poets.

Poets with fine sonnets painteth forth,
This and that foul Ladyes beauties worth:
He shewes small wit thereby, and for his paines,
By my consent he never shall reape gains,
Why what need poets paint them? O sweet Elves!
When Ladyes paint their beauties best themselves.

9 *On an up-start.*

Pray wrong not (late-coyn'd) give the man his right
He's made a gentleman although no knight,
For now 'tis cloths the gentleman doth make,
Men from gay cloths their pedigrees do take;
But wot you what's the armes to such mens houses?
Why this—hands chacing of a rampant louse.

10 *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou said'st it was worth thy weight in gold
Though now 't be common for a trifle sold;
It dearer seems to thee, that get'st not any,
When thou should'st use it, for thy love or money

11 *In Geta.*

Geta from wool and weaving first began,
Swelling and swelling to a gentleman,
When he was gentleman and bravely dight:
He left not swelling till he was a knight;
At last forgetting what he was at first,
He swole to be a Lord, and then he burst.

Wits Recreations.

12 *In Finum.*

Finus is coach'd and for his farther grace,
Dorh aske his friends how he becomes the place;
Trotth I should tell him, the poor coach hath wrong
And that a cart would serve to carry dung.

13 *Asperum nimis condimentum.*

Monfieur *Albanus* new invested is,
With sundry suits and fashions passing fit,
But never any came so neer as this,
For joy whereof *Albanus* frolicque is;
Untill the Taylours bill of *solvi fiat*,
Diverts his humor to another bias.

14 *Gender and number.*

Singular fins and plurall we commit;
And we in every gender vary it.

15 *Attributi pastimes.*

Grammarians talk of times past and hereafter;
I spend time present in pastime and laughter.

9 *On an up-start.*

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Finus is coach'd and for his farther grace,
Doth aske his friends how he becomes the place;
Trotth I should tell him, the poor coach hath wrong
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13 *Asperum vini condimentum.*

Monfieur *Albanus* new invested is,
With sundry suits and fashions passing fit,
But never any came so neer as this,
For joy whereof *Albanus* frollique is:
Untill the Taylours bill of *solvis*,
Diverts his humor to another bias.

14 *Gender and number.*

Singular fins and plurall we commit;
And we in every gender vary it.

15 *Arbiter pastimes.*

Grammarians talk of times past and hereafter:
I spend time present in pastime and laughter.

EPIGRAMS.

16 To *Sr. John Suckling.*

If learning will becom a Courtier well,
If honour waite on those who dare excell,
Then let not Poets envy but admire,
The eager flames of thy poetique fire;
For whilst the world loves wit, Aglaura shall,
Phoenix-like live after her funerall.

17 On a braggadocio.

Don *Lollus* brags, he comes of noble blood,
Drawn down from *Brutus* line; tis very good!
If this praise-worthy be, each flea may then,
Boast of his blood more then some gentlemen.

18 To *Mrs. George Sands.*

Sweet-tongued *Ovid*, though strange tales he told,
Which gods and men did act in dayes of old,
What various shapes for love sometimes they took;
To purchase what they say'd at; could he look,
But back upon himself he would admire,
The sumptuous bravery of that rich attire;
Which

Which *Sands* hath clad him with, & then place this
His change amongst their Metamorphosis.

19 *To Mr. William Habington on his
Castara, a Poem.*

Thy Muse is chaste and thy *Castara* too,
'Tis strange at Court, & thou hadst power to woo
And to obtain (what others were deny'd)
The fair *Castara* for thy vertuous bride:
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there bee,
Fair issues branch from both, to honor thee.

20 *To Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr.
John Fletcher gent.*

Twin-stars of poetry, whom we justly may,
Call the two-tops of learn'd Parnassus-Bay,
Peerlesse for freindship and for numbers sweet;
Whom oft the Muses swaddled in one sheet:
Your works shall still be prais'd and dearer sold,
For our new-nothings doe extoll your old.

21 *On a pump stopt with stones.*

M. I'll cut it down, I swear by this same hand,
If't will not run, it shall no longer stand.

Wits Recreations.

R. Pray fir be patient, let your pump alone,
How can it water-make when't hath the stone.
Yet did he wisely when he did it fell,
For in so doing he did make it well.

22 *To Mr. Benjamin Johnson.*

Had Rome but heard her worthies speak so high,
As thou hast taught them in thy Poetic;
She would have sent her poets to obtain,
(Tutour'd by thee) thy most majestique strain.

23 *In Aulam.*

Thou still art mutring *Aulus* in mine eare,
Love me and love my dog, I will I swear,
Thou ask't but right and *Aulus* truth to tell,
I think thy dog deserves my love as well.

24 *To Mr. George Chapman on his Translation
of Homers works into English meter.*

Thou Ghost of *Homer* 'twere no fault to call,
His the translation thine the Originall,
Did we not know 'twas done by thee so well;
Thou makest *Homer*, *Homers* self excell.

25 *To Mr. William Shake-spear.*

Shake-spear we must be silent in thy praise,
'Cause our encomion's will but blast thy Bayes,
Which envy could not, that thou didst do well;
Let thine own histories prove thy Chronicle.

26 *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilenus 'cause th' art old, fly not the field,
Where youthfull *Cupid* doth his banner weild
For why? this god, old men his souldiers stil'd
None loves, but he, who hath bin twice a child.

27 *To Mr. Thomas Randolph.*

Thou darling of the *Muses* for we may
Be thought deserving, if what was thy play
Our utmost labours can produce, we will
Freely allow thee heir unto the hill,
The *Muses* did assign thee, and think 't fit,
Thy younger yeares should have the elder-wit.

28 *In Paulum.*

Paul what my cloak doth hide thou fain wouldst
Were't to be seen I would not cover't so. (know

29 *Of sleep and death.*

That death is but a sleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would sleep, I would not dy.

30 *Ad. Lectorem.*

Reader thou see'st how pale these papers look,
Whiles they fear thy hard censure on this book.

31 *Ad. Momum.*

Momus thou say'st our verses are but toys,
Tis true, yet truth is often spoken by boyes.

32 *On Thraso.*

Thraso goes lame with a blow he did receive,
In a late duell, if you'll him beleieve.

33 *News.*

When news doth come if any would discusse,
The letters of the word, resolve it thus:
News is convey'd by letter, word or mouth
And comes to us, from north, east, west and south

Wits Recreations.

34 Of Rufus.

Rufus had robb'd his host and being put to it;
Said I'm an arrant rogue, if I did doe it.

35 Of Marcus.

When *Marcus* fail'd a borrowed sum to pay,
Unto his freind at the appointed day:
'Twere superstition for a man he sayes,
To be a strict observer of set dayes.

36 Of a theefe.

A theefe arested and in custody,
Under strong guards of armed company,
Ask't why they held him so? Sir quoth the cheife,
We hold you for none other than a theif.

37 Of motion.

Motion brings heat, and thus we see it prov'd
Most men are hot and angry, when they're mov'd.

38 Ad Scriptorem.

Half of your book is to an index grown,
You give your book *contents*, your reader none.

39 Domi-

Wits Recreations.

Domina Margarita Sandis:

39

Anagramma.

Anne domi das Margaritas?

VVhy do wee seek & saile abroad to find,
Those pearls which do adorn the female-kind,
Within our seas there comes unto our hands,
A matchlesse Margaryte among the Sands.

40 *Man.*

Man's like the earth, his hair like grasse is grown,
His veins the rivers are, his heart the stone.

41 *Vita via.*

Well may mans life be likened to a way,
Many be weary of their life they'll say.

42 *To Mr. Thomas May.*

Thou son of *Mercury* whose fluent tongue
Made *Lucan* finish his *Pharfalian* song,
Thy fame is equall, better is thy fate,
Thou hast got *Charles* his love, he *Nero's* hate.

43 On

Wits Recreations.

43 *On Harpax.*

Harpax gave to the poor all by his will,
Because his heir should no feign'd teares distill.

44 *On Sextus.*

Sextus doth with his wife in heaven were
Where can shee have more happines then there.

45 *To Mr. George Wythers.*

Th'ha't whipp'd our vices shrewdly and we may,
Think on thy scourge untill our dying-day:
Th'ha't given us a Remembrancer which shall,
Outlast the vices we are tax'd withall,
Th'ha't made us both eternall, for our shame
Shall never Wyther, whilst thou hast a name.

46 *On a Drawer drunk.*

Drawer with thee now even is thy wine,
For thou hast peirc'd his hogs-head and he thine.

47 *Upon the weights of a clock.*

I wonder time's so swift, when as I see,
Upon her heeles, such lumps of lead to bee.

48 *To Mr. Thomas Middleton.*

Facetious *Middleton* thy witty Muse,
Hath pleased all, that books or men peruse
If any thee dispise, he doth but show,
Antipathy to wit, in daring so:
Thy fam's above his malice and 'twil be,
Dispraise enough for him, to censure thee.

49 *On Cynus.*

Because, I am not of a Giant's stature,
Despise me not, nor praise thy liberall nature,
For thy huge limbs, that you are great 'tis true,
And that I'm little in respect of you,
The reason of our growths is eas'ly had,
You many had perchance, I but one Dad.

50 *To Mr. James Shirly on his Comedy*
viz. the yong Admirall.

How all our votes are for thee (*Shirly*) come
Conduct our troops, strike up Apollo's drum,
We wait upon thy summons and do all,
Intend to choose thee our yong Admirall:

51 On *Alastrus*.

Alastrus hath nor coyn, nor spirit nor wit,
I thinke hee's only then for Bedlam fit.

52 On *Macer*.

You call my verses toyes th' are so, 'tis true,
Yet they are better, then ought comes from you.

53 To *Mr. Philip Massinger*.

Apollo's Messenger, who doth impart
To us the edicts of his learned art,
We cannot but respect thee, for we know,
Princes are honour'd in their Legats so.

54 On *Celsus*.

Celsus doth love himself, *Celsus* is wise,
For now no rivall ere can claime his prize.

55 On *Candidus*.

When I am sick not else thou com'st to see me :
Wai'd fortune from both torments still would free
(me.

56 To

56 *To Mr. John Ford.*

If e're the Muses did admire that well,
Of Hellicon as elder times do tell,
I dare presume to say upon my word;
They much more pleasure take in thee rare *Ford*

57 *On Paulus.*

Because thou followst some great Peer at Court,
Dost think the world deem's thee a great one fort
Ah no! thou art mistaken *Paulus*, know
Dwarfs still as pages unto giants goe.

58 *To Mr. Thomas Heywood.*

Thou hast writ much and art admir'd by those,
Who love the easie ambling of thy prose;
But yet thy pleasingst flight, was somewhat high
When thou did'st touch the angels Hyerarchie:
Fly that way still it will become thy age,
And better please then groveling on the stage.

59 *On a cowardly Souldier.*

Stretzo doth weare no ring upon his hand,
Although he be a man of great command;

Wits Recreations.

But gilded spurs do jingle at his heeles
Whose rowels are as big as some coach-wheels,
He grac'd them well, for in the Netherlands,
His heels did him more service then his hands.

60 To Mr. Thomas Goffe on his tragedies.

When first I heard the Turkish Emperours speak,
In such a dialect, and *Orestes* break
His silence in such language, I admir'd
What powerful favorite of the Nymphs inspir'd
Into their Souls such utterance, but I wrong,
To think 'twas learnt from any but thy tongue.

61 On Cornuto.

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're mistrust's her too lascivious life,
Aske him the reason why he doth forbear,
Hee'l answer straight, it cometh with a fear.

62 On a Shrew.

A froward shrew being blam'd because she show'd,
Not so much reverence as by right she ow'd
Unto her husband, she reply'd he might
Forbear complaint of me, I do him right;

His will is mine, he would beare rule, and I
Desire the like, onely in sympathy.

63 *On a youth married to an old woman.*

Fond youth I wonder why thou didst intend
To marry her who is so neer her end,
Thy fortune I dare tell, perchance thou'lt have
At supper dainties; but in bed a grave.

64 *On a dying Usurer.*

With greater grief non doth death entertain,
Then wretched *Chrysalus*, he sighs a mayn,
Not that he dyes, but 'cause much cost is spent
Upon the Sexton and his regiment
The joviall ringers, and the Curate must
Have his fee too, when dust is turn'd to dust,
And which is greater then the former sum,
Hee'l pay an angell for a Moor-stone-tomb.

65 *On a fly in a glasse.*

A fly out of his glasse a guest did take,
E're with the liquor he his thirst would slake,
When he had drunk his fill, again the fly
Into the glasse he put, and said though I

Love not flies in my drink, yet others may,
Whose humour I nor like, nor will gain-say.

66 On Collinus.

If that *Collinus* anything do lend,
Or dog, or horse, or hawk unto his friend,
He to endear the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him : his wife
Having observ'd these speeches all her life,
Behind him forks her fingers and doth cry :
To none but you, I'd doe this courtesie.

67 Auri-sacra fames-qua non ?

A smoothfac'd youth was wedded to an old,
Decrepit shrew, such is the power of gold :
That love did tye this knot, the end will prove,
The love of money not the god of love.

68 On Sextus.

What great revenues *Sextus* doth possesse,
When as his sums of gold are numberlesse,
What cannot *Sextus* have? I wonder then,
Sextus cann't live as well as other men:



69 *Good wits jump.*

✕ Against a post a scholler chanc'd to strike,
At unawares his head, like will to like :
Good wits will jump (quoth he) if that be true
The title of a block-head is his due.

70 *On Womens Masks.*

✕ It seems that Masks do women much disgrace,
Sith when they weare them they do hide their face

71 *On Lepidus and his wife.*

Lepidus married somewhile to a shrew,
She sick'ned, he in jesting wise to shew (hear
How glad her death would make him; said sweet-
I pray you e're you sing loath to depart
Tell who shall be my second wife, and I
After your death will wed her instantly,
She somewhat vext herat, straightway reply'd,
Then let grim Pluto's daughter be your bride.
He answer'd wife I would your will obey,
But that our laws my willingnesse gain-say:
For he who Pluto's siffer takes to wife,
Cannot his daughter too upon my life.

Wits Recreations.

72 Upon a pair of Tongs.

The burnt child dreads the fire; if this be true,
Who first invented tongs it's fury knew.

73 On Celsus his works.

Celsus to please himselfe, a book hath writ:
It seem's so, for there's few that buyeth it.
He is no popular man it thereby seems;
Sith men condemn, what he praise worthy deems,
Yet this his wisdom and his book prefer,
Disprais'd by all, they think both singular.

74 The Devill and the Fryar.

The Devill was once deceived by a fryar,
Who though he sold his soul cheated the buyer,
The devill was promist if he would supply,
The Fryar with coyn at his necessity,
When all the debts he ow'd discharg'd were quite,
The Devill should have his soul as his by right,
The Devill defray'd all scores, payd all, at last,
Demanded for his due, his soul in haste;
The Fryar return'd this answer, if I ow
You any debts at all, then you must know,

Wits Recreations.

I am indebted still, if nothing be
Due unto you, why do you trouble me ?

75 *To Phillis.*

* Aske me not *Phillis* why I do refuse
To kisse thee as the most of gallants use,
For seeing oft thy dog to fawn and skip
Upon thy lap and joyning lip to lip,
Although thy kisses Ifull fain would crave;
Yet would I not thy dog my rivall have.

76 *Of Charidemus.*

Although thy neighbour have a handsom horse,
Matchlesse for comly shape, for hue and course
And though thy wife thou knowest ill-shapen be,
Yet *Charidemus* praises mightily,
His ugly wife and doth the horse dispraise:
How subrilly the fox his engin layes,
For he desires his neighbours horse to buy,
And sell his wife to any willingly.

77 *Of Clytus.*

Clytus the barber doth occasion fly,
Because 'tis bal'd and he gains nought thereby.

Wits Recreations.

78 On Balbus.

Balbus a verse on *Venus*, boy doth scan,
But ere 'twas finish'd *Cupid's* grown a man.

79 On Comptulus.

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair
In comely curles could show so debonair
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou could'st not trim it by a looking-glasse,
Nor any barber did thy tresses pleat,
'Tis strange; but Monsieur I conceive the fear
When you your hair do kemb, you off it take
And order 't as you please for fashions sake.

80 On Gellius.

In building of his house, *Gellius* hath spent
All his revenews and his ancient rent,
Aske not a reason why *Gellius* is poor.
His great house hath turn'd him out of door.

81 To Ponticus.

At supper-time will *Pontus* visit me,
I'd rather have his room then companie;

Wits Recreations.

But if him, from me I can no wayes fright,
I'd have him visit me each fasting night.

82 *On a Pot-poet.*

What lofty verses *Cælus* writes? it is,
But when his head with wine oppress'd is,
So when great drops of rain fall from the skyes
In standing pools, huge bubbles will arise.

83 *On Onellus.*

Thou never sup'rt abroad, *Onellus*, true;
For at my honie I'm sure to meet with you.

84 *On Wine.*

What? must we then on muddy tap-lash swill,
Neglecting sack? which makes the poet's quill
To thunder forth high raptures, such as when
Sweet-tongued *Ovid* erst with his smooth pen,
In flourishing Rome did write; frown god of wine
To see how most men disesteem thy Vines.

85 *On beere.*

Is no juice pleasing but the grapes? is none,
So much beloved? doth perfection,

Oney

Onely conjoyn in wine? or doth the well
Of Aganippe with this liquor swell,
That Poets thus affect it? shall we crown,
A meer exotique? and contemn our own,
Our native liquor? haunt who list the grape,
He more esteem our Oate, whose reed shall make,
An instrument to warble forth her praise,
Which shall survive untill the date of daies,
And eke invoke some potent power divine,
To patronize her worth above the vine.

86 *On a vaunting Poetaster.*

Cacilius boasts his verses worthy bee,
To be engraven on a Cypresse tree,
A Cypresse wreath befits 'em well; 'tis true,
For they are neer their death, and crave but due.

87 *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, none but those are dead, doe praise,
I would I might displease him all his dayes.

88 *On a valiant Souldier.*

A Spanish Souldier in the Indian war,
Who oft came off with honor and some scar,
After

After a tedious battle, when they were
Enforc'd for want of bullets to forbear,
Farther to encounter, which the Savage Moor
Perceiving, scoff'd, and nearer then before,
Approach'd the Christian host, the souldier grier
To be out brav'd, yet could not be reliev'd
Beyond all patience vex'd, he said although
I bullets want, my self will wound the foe;
Then from his mouth, took he a tooth and sent,
A fatall message to their regiment,
What armes will fury steed men with, when we
Can from our selves have such artillery;
Sampson thy jaw-bone can no trophy reare
Equall to his, who made his tooth his speare.

89 On *Aurissa*.

Why doth the world repute *Aurissa* learn'd?
Because she gives men what they never earn'd.

90 On *Paulus*.

Those verses which thou mad'st I did condemn,
Nor did I censure thee in censuring them,
Thou mad'st them, but sith them in print I see,
They must the peoples not the authors bee.

91 On Alexander the great.

If *Alexander* thought the world but small
Because his conquering hand subdu'd it all,
He should not then have stil'd himself the great,
An Infants fool can be no giants fear.

92 On a vertuous talker.

If vertue's alwaies in thy mouth, how can
It ere have time to reach thy heart fond man?

93 On a land-ship in the lid of his Mrs. Virginals.

Behold Don *Phœbus* in yon shady grove,
On his sweet harp plaies Roudelaies of love,
Mark how the satyr grim *Marsyas* playes
On his rude pipe, his merry-harmlesse layes,
Mark how the swaines attentively admire,
Both to the sound of pipe and tang of lyre;
But if you on these Virginals will play,
They both will cast their instruments away,
And deeming it the musique of the Spheares
Admire your musique as the swains do theirs

Wits Recreations.

94 *Upon pigs devouring a bed of penny-royall
commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs set,
The pigs came in and eate up every whit,
The good-man said wife you your garden may
Hogs Norton call, here pigs on Organs play.

95 *On a fortune-teller.*

The influence of the stars are known to thee,
By whom thou canst each future fortune see
Yet, sith thy wife doth thee a cuckold make,
Tis strange they do not that to thee partake.

96 *On sore eyes.*

Fuscus was counsell'd if he would preserve,
His eyes in perfect sight drinking to swerve;
But he replyd 'tis better that I shu'd
Loose them, then keep them for the worms as food

97 *On a gallant.*

A glittering gallant, from a prauncing steed,
Alighting down, desir'd a boy with speed

To hold his horse a while, he made reply,
Can one man hold him fast? 'twas answerd I,
If then one man can hold him fir, you may
Do it your self, quoth he, and slunk away.

98 *On an inevitable Cuckold.*

Two wives th' hast buried and another wed,
Yet neither of the three chaste to thy bed,
Wherefore thou blam'st not onely them, but all
Their Sex into disgrace and scorn dost call,
Yet if the thing thou wilt consider well,
Thou wilt thy malice, and this rage expell,
For when the three were all alike 't should seem
Thy stars gave thee the Cuckold's anadem,
If thou wert born to be a wittoll, can
Thy wife prevent thy fortune? foolish man!
That woman which a *Hellen* is to thee,
Would prove another mans *Penelope*.

99 *On an empty house.*

Lollu by night awak'd heard theeves about
His house, and searching narrowly throughout
To find some pillage there, he said you may
By night, but I can find nought here by day.

100 On a bragging coward.

Corfus in campe, when as his mates betook,
Themselves to dine, encourag'd them, and spoke,
Have a good stomake Lads, this night we shall
In heaven at supper keep a festivall,
But battle joynd he fled away in haste,
And said I had forgot, this night I fast.

101 On a great nose.

Thy nose no man wipe, *Proclus* unlesse
He have a hand as big as *Hereules*,
When thou dost sneeze the sound thou dost not
Thy nose is so far distant from thine care.

102 On an unequall paire.

Faire *Pbi* is to churlish *Priscus* wed,
As stronger wine with waters mingled,
Priscus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow;
With fervency then fire, her's cold as snow;
Tis well for if their flames alike did burn,
One house would be too hot to serve their turn.

Know you w
His Perriwig
'Tis not beca
Or cause hee
But 'cause th
Long since a

Linus met T
And swore h
For on th' e
France had
Thuscus exc
By all mean
And so ensu
Unlikely el
Linus reply
Would have
Which othe
From debt

103. *On a changeable raiment.*

Why you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
Perriwig, his face and his array,
Not because his commings in are much,
Because hee'll swill it with the roaring dutch;
Cause the Sergeants (who a writ have had
Since against him) should not know the lad.

104. *On the ensuring office.*

Why met *Thuscus* on the bursle by chance,
Swore he'd drink a health to th' heir of France
On th' exchange for currant news 'twas told,
Once had a Daulphin not yet seven dayes old,
Thuscus excus'd himself, and said he must
First meanes go to th' ensuring office first,
So ensure some goods, he doubted were,
Likely else ere to his hands appeare,
He replyd Ile with thee then, for I
Should have my lands ensur'd to me in fee
If otherwise I doubt, I never shall,
A debt and mortgage ere redeem at all.

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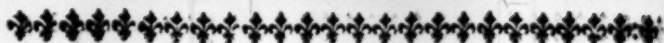
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Which otherwise I doubt, I never shall,
From debt and morgage ere redeem at all.



105 *On a Tennis-court banter.*

The world's a court, we are the balls, wherein
We bandied are by every stroke of sin,
Then onely this can I commend in thee,
Thou adest well our frail mortalitie.

106 *On Barossa.*

Barossa boasts his pedegree although,
He knows no letter of the Christ-crosse-row,
His house is ancient, and his gentry great,
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet
Then is the family of fools, how than
Dare you not call *Barossa* gentleman?

107 *On Clodius Albinus.*

Clodius great cheer for supper doth prepare,
Ruyes Chickens, Rabbers, Pheasants and a hare,
Great store of fowl, variety of fish,
And tempting sawce serv'd in, in every dish,
To this great feast, whom doth he meane t' envite,
Albinus only sups with him to night.

108 On Afer.

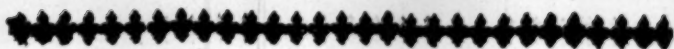
Afer hath sold his land and bought a horse,
Whereon he ptaunceth to the royall Burse,
To be on horse back he delights, wilt know?
'Cause then his company hee'd higher show,
But happy chance tall Afer in his pride,
Mounts a Gunnelly and on foot doth ride.

109 On Balbuls.

Thou dost complaine poets have no reward
And now adayes they are in no regard:
Verses are nothing worth, yet he that buyes,
Ought that is thine, at a three farthings price,
Will think it too too dear, and justly may
Think verses are in price, since th' other day,
Yea who ere buyes 'em at a farthings rate,
At the same price can never sell 'em at.

110 To Lycus.

That poetry is good and pleasing thou dost cry,
Yet know'it not when 'tis right or when awry
Thou know'st great Ovid's censure to obtaine
From pleasing good, is vertue's chiefeft aime.



111 *On Charismus.*

Thou hast compos'd a book, which neither age
Nor future time shall hurt through all their rage,
For how can future times or age invade
That work, which perished as soone as made.

112 *Of one praising my book.*

Harpax doth praise my book I lately writ,
Saith it is short and sweet and full of wit;
I knew his drift and sayd be silent pray,
For in good sayth, I've given 'em all away.

113 *Facile discensus averni.*

The way to hell is easie, th' other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

114 *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, despise not age, although
Some yong are grave, most old men children grow

115 *On Orm.*

Orm sold wine, and then Tobacco, now
He Aqua-vitz doth his friends allow,
What ere he had, is sold, to save his life,
And now turn'd Pander he doth sell his wife.

116 *On Women.*

Women are books and men the readers be,
In whom oft times they great Errata's see;
Here sometimes wee a blot, there wee espy
A leafe misplac'd, at least a line awry;
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An Almanacke to change her every yeare

117 *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the braine phisicians say,
Doth dull the wit and memory decay,
Yet feare not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne'r
Hurt thee so much by use, as by thy feare.

118 *On Briso.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then
You do absent you from the sight of men,

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118 *On Brise.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then
You do absent you from the sight of men,

For out of doores you neer by day appeare,
Since last you lost i'th pillory your care.

119 *On the King of Swedens picture.*

Who but the halfe of this neat picture drew,
That it could ne're be fully done, well knew.

120 *To his Admirer.*

Hyperbole of worth, should wit suggest,
My will with Epithites, and I invent,
That shrine but with deserved paraphrase,
Adulatory poetry would praise.
And so but staine your worth: your vertues (or
Else none at all) shall be my orator.

121 *B. J. answer to a thiefe bidding him stand.*

Fly villaine hence or be thy coat of Steele,
Ile make thy heart, my brazen bullet feele,
And send that thrice as thievish soul of thine,
To hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

122 *The Thiefe's replie.*

Art thou great Ben? or the revived ghost
Of famous *Shake-spear*? or sam drunken host?
Who

Who being tipsie with thy muddy beer,
Dost think thy rimes shall daunt my soul with fear
Nay know base slave, that I am one of those,
Can take a purse as well in verse as prose,
And when th' art dead, write this upon thy hearse,
Here lies a Poet that was robb'd in verse.

123 Upon Clarinda begging a lock of her
lovers haire.

Fairest *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls faire,
Begg'd my heart of mee, and a lock of haire
Should I give both said I, how should I live,
The lock I would, the heart I would not give,
For that lest theev'ing love should steal away,
Discretion had lock'd up and kept the key;
As for the locke of haire, which lovers use
My head laid on her knee I pray'd her chuse,
Taking her fizers by a cunning art,
First pick'd the lock, and then she stole my heart.

124 To his Mistress.

Dearest thy twin'd haire are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes diamonds, nor do I hold,
Thy lips for rubies, nor thy cheeks to bee,
Fresh roses, nor thy dugs of Ivory,

Wits Recreations.

The skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Nor Alablaster is, nor dost thou breath,
Arabian odours, these the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy
Such then are other mistrisses, but mine, (worth;
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

125 The Answer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth, sure in thy love,
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concur in generation,
And wanting gravitie are light,
Or in a borrowed lustre bright;
If meteors and each falling star
Of heavenly matter framed are:
Earth hath my mistrisse, but sure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

126 On his Mrs.

I saw faire *Flora* take the aire,
When *Phebus* shin'd and it was faire;
The heavens to allay the heat,
Sent drops of raine, which gently beat
The sun retires, asham'd to see
That he was barr'd from kissing thee

Then

Then *Boreas* took such high disdain,
That soon he dri'd those drops again:
Ah cunning plot and most diuine!
Thus to mix his breath with thine.

127 *On an houre glasse.*

Do thou consider this small dust
Here running in this glasse
By atomes mov'd
Canst thou beleewe, that this the body was
Of one that lov'd.
And in his Mistresse playing like a fly
Turn'd to cinders by her eye:
Yes and in death as life, have it exprest
That lovers ashes take no rest.

128 *On the picture of Cupid in a jewell worn by
his Mrs. on her brest.*

Little *Cupid* enter in and heat
Her heart, her brest is not thy seat;
Her breasts are fitted to entice
Lovers, but her heart's office,
Thaw *Cupid*, that it hence forth grow
Tender still by answering no.

129 *On his Indiscreet.*

× When first I saw thee thou didst sweetly play,
The gentle theefe, and stol'st my heart away;
Render me mine againe, or leave thy own,
Two are too much for thee since I have none;
But if thou wilt not I will swear thou art
A sweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

130 *On Cupid.*

× Cupid hath by his fly and subtile art,
A certaine arrow shot and pierc't my heart;
What shall I doe to be reveng'd on love?
There is but one way and that one I'll prove,
I'll steale his arrowes and will head them new,
With womens hearts and then they will fly true.

131 *On a Tobacconist.*

All dainty meats I do desire,
Which feed men fat as swine,
Hee is a frugall man indeed,
That on a leafe can dine,
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,

That keeps his kitchin in a box
And roast-meat in a pipe.

132 On the same.

If mans flesh be like swines, as it is said
The metamorphosis is sooner made
Then full-fac'd *Gnatho* no tobacco take
Smoking your corps; lest bacon you do make.

133 Another.

Tom I commend thee above all I know
That sold'st thy cushion for a pipe of To ———
For now tis like if ere thou study more,
Thou'lt sit so't harder then thou didst before.

124 On Tobacco.

Nature's Idea, phisicks rare perfection,
Cold rheumes expeller and the wits direction,
O had the gods known thy immortall smack;
The heavens ere this time had been colored black.

135 On a beloved lye.

I hate a lie, and yet a lye did run
Of noble *Goring's* death and *Kensington*,

And

And for that they did not untimely dye
I love a lye because that was a ly,
For had it been an accident of ruth
'T had made me grow in hatred of the truth,
Though lies be bad, yet give this lye it's due,
'Tis ten times better, then if 't had been true.

136 *On Button a Sexton, making a grave.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles
Are graves become but *Button*-holes.

137 *On long haire.*

Lucas long haire down to his shoulders weares,
And why? he dares not cut it for his cares.

138 *A Crab's Restorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is sauce very good;
For the crab of the foaming sea,
But the wood of a Crab
Is sauce for a drab
That will not her husband obey.

139 *On Justus Lypsius who bequeathed
his gown to the Virgin Mary.*

A dying latinist of great renown,
Unto the Virgin Mary gave his gown
And was not this false latine, so to joyn
With femall gender, the case Masculine.

140 *On a fiddle-stick.*

Am I an instrument to make you sport,
A fiddle-stick I am, ye shann't report
That ere yee hand'led me in such a case;
To make me strike up fiddles mean and base,
Nay you shall never bend me to your bow
It goeth against the haire you should do so,
Nor shall you curbe me in, thus every day,
I'll but my pleasure, I was made to play;
But here I must not play upon another,
Why have I then a fiddle for my brother?
If I were gon, you'd be compel'd my freinds
To make your musique on your fingers ends:
My brother fiddle is so hollow hearted,
That ere't be long, we must needs be parted
And with so many frers he doth abound,
That I can never touch him but hee'l sound:

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When

Wits Recreations.

When hee's reviv'd, this poore excuse he puts,
That when I play, I vex him to the guts;
But since it is my nature, and I must
I'lle crowd and scrape acquaintance for a crust;
I am a gentleman of high descent
Come from *Apollo's* glorious element,
Above the bridge I alwayes use to keep,
And that's my proper spheare, when I do sleep,
So that I cannot be in tune or town,
For all my scraping if the bridge be down;
But since without an end, nought can endure,
A fiddle-stick hath two ends to be sure.

141 *On hopes of preferment.*

I saw my fortune goe before
As *Palinurus* saw the shore,
If that I dye, before it hitch,
Wel-fare mine eyes for they are rich.

142 *Sorte tuâ contentus.*

If adverse fortune bring to passe,
And will that thou an asse must bee;
Then be an asse, and live an asse,
For out of question wise is hee
That undergoes with humble mind,
The state that chance hath him assign'd.

143 *On a pretender to prophecy.*

Ninety two yeares the world as yet shall stand
If it do stand or fall at your command;
But say why plac'd you not the world's end nigher
Lest ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer.

144 *Mart. lib 8 epigr. 69.*

Old Poets only thou dost praise,
And none but dead one's magnifie;
Pardon *Vocerra*, thee to please,
I am not yet in mind to dye.

145 *On a Gamester.*

For hundred-thousands *Mattho* playes;
Olus what's that to thee?
Not thou by meanes thereof I trow,
But *Mattho* poore shall bee.

146 *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake* whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did'st compasse round,
And whom both Poles of heaven once saw
Which North and South do bound,
The

The stars above, would make thee known,
If men here silent were ;
The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

147 *B. J. approbation of a copy of verses.*

One of the witty sort of gentlemen,
That held society with learned Ben——
Shew'd him some verses of such Tragique sense
They did his curious eare much violence ;
But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker
Of the sad lines, he needs must know the maker ;
What unjust man he was, that spent his time
And banish'd reason to advance his rime :
Nay gentle *Ben*, replies the gentleman
I see I must support the Poet than ;
Although those humble straines are not so fit
For to please you, hee's held a pretty wit ;
Is he held so? (saies *Ben*) so may a goose,
Had I the holding, I would let him loose.

148 *On a gentleman that married an heire privately at the Tower.*

The angry Father hearing that his childe,
Was stoln, married, and his hopes beguild ;
('Cause

(Cause his usurious nature had a thought
She might have bin to greater fortunes brought)
With rigid looks, bent brows, and words austere
Ask'd his forc'd son in law, how he did dare
(Without a full consenting from him carried)
Thus beare his onely daughter to be married,
And by what Cannons he assum'd such power?
He sayd the best in England fir, the Tower.

149 *A Gentlemans satisfaction for spitting
in anothers face.*

A gentleman (not in malice nor disgrace;
But by a chance) spet in anothers face,
He that receiv'd it, knowing not the cause
That should produce such rashnes (gainst the laws
Of Christian man-hood or civility)
In kindling anger, ask'd the reason why;
Pray fir sayes he, what thing that doth but sound
Like to an injury have you ere found
By me at any time? or if you had,
It never could deserve contempt so bad
'Tis an inhumane custome none ere use;
But the vile nation of contemned Jewes:
Pray fir, cryes th' other be not so unkind,
Thus with an accident to charge my minde
I meant it not, but since it fals out so,
I'm sorry, yea make satisfaction too;

Then

Then be not mov'd but let this ease your doubt
Since I have spet, please you, I'll tread it out,

150 *On a little Gentleman and one Mr. Story*

The little man, by th' other mans vain-glory,
It seems was roughly us'd (so say's the story)
But being a little heated and high blown,
In anger flies at *Story*, pulsh him down,
And when they rise, (I know not how it fated)
One got the worst, the *Story* was translated
From white to red, but ere the fight was ended
It seems a Gentleman that one befriended
Came in and parted them, the little blade,
There's none that could intreat, or yet perswade
But he would fight still, till another came,
And with sound reasons counsell'd gainst the same
'Twas in this manner friend ye shall not fight
With one that's so unequall to your height,
Story is higher, th' other made reply,
I'd pluck him down were he three *Stories* high

151 *On a Welshman and an Englishman*

There was a time a difference began
Between a Welshman and an Englishman,

And thus it was; the English-man would stand
Against all argument, that this our land,
Was free of her fruits; there is a place
Quoth he, whose ground, so fruitfull is of grasse;
But throw a staffe in't but this night, you shall
Not see't the morrow, 't would be cover'd all:
The Welsh-man cry'd 'tis true, it might ly under,
The o're-grown grasse, w^{ch} is with us no wonder,
For turn your horse into our fruitfull ground,
And before morning come, he shann't be found.

152 *On a Souldier.*

The souldier fights well and with good regard,
But when hee's lame, he lies at an ill ward.

153 *On a faire Gentlewoman whose
name was Brown.*

We praise the faire, and our inventions wrack,
In pleasing numbers to applaud the black,
We court this Ladies eye, that Ladyes haire,
The faire love black, the black best like the faire,
Yet neither sort, I court, I doate upon
Nor faire nor black, but a complexion
More rare then either, she that is the crown
Of my entire affection is brown,

E

And

And yet shees faire, 'tis strange, how can it be,
That two complexions should in one agree
Do I love *Brown*, my love can please mine eye,
And sate my narrow'st curiosity,
If I like faire, she hath so sweet a grace,
That I could leave an Angell for her face,
Let any judge then, which complexion's rarest,
In my opinion, she is *Brown* that's fairest.

154. On Garret and Chambers.

Garret and his friend *Chambers* having done
Their Citty bus'nesse walk'd to Paddington,
And comming neer the fatall place where men
I meane offenders ne're return agen,
Looking on Tyborn in a merrymment,
Sayes *Chambers* here's a pretty Tenement
Had it a garret: *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes friend *Chambers* I do wonder at
Your simple censure, and could mock you for it,
There must be chambers ere there be a garret.

155 On the word intollerable.

Two gentlemen did to a Tavern come,
And call'd the drawer for to shew a room,

The drawer did, and what room think ye was't?
 One of the small ones, where men drink in haste;
 One gentleman sat down there, but the other
 Dislik'd it, would not sit, call'd for another:
 At which his friend, rising up from the table,
 Cryes friend lets stay, this room is tollerable:
 Why that's the cause (quoth hee) I will not stay,
 Is that the cause, quoth th' other? why I pray
 To give a reason to you, I am able,
 Because I hate to be in——Tollerable.

156 *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't possible that thou my book hast bought,
 That saidst 'twas nothing worth? why was it
 Read it again, perchance thy wit was dul, (naught
 Thou may'st find something at the second pull,
 Indeed at first thou nought didst understand,
 For shame get something at the second hand.

157 *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Posthumus not the last of many more;
 Ask's why I write in such an idle vaine,
 Seeing there are of Epigrams such store;
 Oh give me leave to tell thee once again

That Epigrams are fitted to the season,
Of such as best know how to make rime reason

158 *In magnis uoluisse sat est.*

In matters great to will it doth suffice,
I blush to heare how loud this proverb lyes,
For they that ow great sums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them, with meere good will.

159 *As proud as witlesse Draccus.*

Draccus his head is highly by him born,
And so by strawes are emptied heads of corne.

160 *S. item uideretur.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their Lands maintain'd the greatest state
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate,
Ten cooks quoth he, in wales one wedding fees
Truth quoth the other, each man tofse his cheeks

161 *On womens inconstancy.*

Goe catch a star that's falling from the skye,
Cause an immortal creature for to dye,
Stop with thy hand the current of the seas,
Poste o're the earth to the Antipodes,
Cause times return and call back yesterday;
Cloath January with the Month of May,
Weigh out an ounce of flame, blow back the wind
And then find faith within a womans mind.

162 *On Women.*

Why sure these necessary harmes were fram'd,
That man as too too heedlesse might be blam'd,
His weaknes cannot greatest weakenesse fly,
In her strong drawing, fraile necessity;
Then happy they, that know what women are,
But happier, which to know them never care.

163 *To his Mrs.*

Sweetest faire be not too cruell,
Blot not beaury with disdain,
Let not those bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vaine,

That Epigrams are fitted to the season,
Of such as best know how to make rime: reason

158 *In magnis voluisse sat est.*

In matters great to will it doth suffice,
I blush to heare how loud this proverb lyes,
For they that ow great sums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them, with meere good will.

159 *As proud as wislesse Draccus.*

Draccus his head is highly by him born,
And so by strawes are emptied heads of corne.

160 *Sikem videretur.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their Lands mainrain'd the greatest sin:
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welshman pought his brags abate,
Ten cooks quoth he, in wales one wedding fees,
Truth quoth the other, each man to his cheefe.

Wits Recreations.

161 *On womens inconstancy.*

Goe catch a star that's falling from the skye,
Cause an immortal creature for to dye,
Stop with thy hand the current of the seas,
Poste o're the earth to the Antipodes,
Cause times return and call back yesterday;
Cloath January with the Month of May;
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162 *On Women.*

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But happier, which to know them never care.

163 *To his Mrs.*

Sweetest faire be not too cruell,
Blot not beauty with disdain,
Let not those bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vaine,

166 *On a proud Mayde.*

She that will eate her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a mayden-bride,
And talke of nothing all day but of pride,
God in mercy may doe much to save her,
But what a case is he in that shall have her?

167 *Satis est quod sufficit.*

Weep no more, sigh nor groane,
Sorrow recals not times are gone,
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest raine,
Makes not fresh or grow againe,
Joyes are windy, dreams flye fast
Why should sadnes longer last?
Griefe is but a wound to woe,
Gentle faire, mourn no moe.

168 *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things could the Poets say,
The times are chang'd our times drink all away.

Wits Recreations.

168 Of women.

Commit thy ship unto the winde,
But not thy faith to woman kind,
There is more safety in a wave,
Then in the faith that women have;
No woman's good, if chance it fall,
Some one be good amongst them all,
Some strange intent the deſt'nies had,
To make a good thing of a bad.

169 On a coy woman.

She ſeems not won, yet won ſhe is at length,
In loves war women uſe but half their ſtrength.

170 On Morcho.

Morcho for haſt was married in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

171 On Bed keeping.

Bradus the ſmith, hath often ſworn and ſed,
That no diſeaſe ſhould make him keep his bed;
His reaſon was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money therefore he would ſell it.

172 On a man stealing a candle from a lantern.

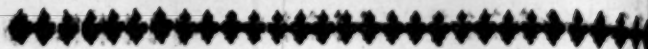
One walking in the street a winter night,
Climb'd to a lantern; thought t' have stole the
But taken in the manner and descri'd (light,
By one o' th' servants who look'd out and cry'd,
Whose there? what d' you? who doth our lantern
Nothing said he, but only snuff the candle. (handle,

173 On Fraternus.

Fraternus' opinions show his reason weak
He held the nose was made for man to speak.

174 On a french fencer; that challeng'd
Church an English fencer.

The fencing Gaules in pride and gallant vaunt,
Challeng'd the English at the fencing skill,
The fencer Church, or the Church militant,
His errors still reprov'd and knock'd him still,
But sith our Church him disciplin'd so sore,
He (rank Recusant) comes to Church no more.



175 *On two striving together.*

Two falling out into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out was ill, but in was well.

176 *On Musique.*

I want a quill out of an Angels wing,
To write sweet musike's everlasting praise,
I likewise want an Angels voice to sing
A wished anthem to her happy dayes,
Then since I want an angels voice and pen,
Let angels write and sing, I'll say amen.

177 *On Tobacco.*

Times great consumer, cause of idlenes,
Old whorehouse hunter, cause of drunkennes
Bewitching smoake, vaineſt wealths consumer;
Abuſe of wit, ſinking breath's perfumer,
Cause of entrailes blacknes, bodyes dyer
Cause of nature's ſlackneſſe, quenching her fire,
Offence to many, bringing good to none,
Ev'n be thou hack'd till thou art burnt and gone.

178 *Claudianus de Sphaera Archimedis*

When *Jove* within a little glasse survey'd,
The heavens he smil'd, and to the Gods thus sayd,
Can strength of mortall wit proceed thus far?
Loe in a fraile orbe, my works mated are,
Hither the *Syracusians* art translates, (fates
Heavens form, the course of things and humane
Th' including spirit serving the star-deck'd signes
The living work inconstant motion windes,
Th' adult'rate zodiacque runs a naturall yeere,
And *Cyntbias* forg'd horns monethly new light
Viewing her own world, now bold industry bear,
Triumphs and rules with humane power the sky.

179 *On Celia.*

In *Celia's* face a question did arise,
Which were more beautifull her lips or eyes;
We say the eyes, send forth those pointed darts,
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts,
From us reply the lips proceed those blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses
Then wept the eyes and from their eyes did pow'r
Of liquid Orientall pearle a shower,
Whereat the lips mov'd with delight and pleasure
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their Ivory trea-
sure, And

And bad love judge, whether did ad more grace
Weeping or smiling pearls to *Calia's* face.

180 *On Chloris walking in the snow.*

I saw faire *Chloris* walke alone,
When feather'd raine came softly down,
Then *Jove* descended from his Tower,
To court her in a silver shower,
The wanton snow flew to her breaſt,
Like little birds into their neſt;
But overcome with whitenes there,
For griefe it thaw'd into a teare,
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

181 *To a Shoemaker.*

What bootes it thee, to follow ſuch a trade,
That's alwaies under foot and under laid?

112 *Youth and Age.*

Age is deformed, youth unkind,
Wee ſcorn their bodies, they our mind.

With Recreations.

183 *To Logans.*

Logans to hold thy tongue, would do thee wrong;
For thou wouldst be no man, but for thy tongue.

184 *Death.*

The lives of men seem in two seas to swim,
Death comes to young folks and old goe to him.

185 *A disparity.*

Children fondly blab truth, & fools their brother;
Women have learn'd more wisdom of their mother
there.

186 *To Maldis.*

Thou speake still, not to give men their dues,
But speake still, because thou canst not chuse.

187 *Womens properties.*

To weep oft, still to flatter, sometimes spin,
Are properties, women excell men in.

188 *Interpone this &c.*

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreathed,
Care gets mirth stomacke, mirth makes care long
breathed.

189 *Womens teares*

When women weep in their dissembling art,
Their teares are sauce to their malicious heart.

190 *Pot-Poets.*

Poet and pot differ but in a letter;
Which makes the Poet love the pot the better.

191 *Contents.*

Content is all we ayme at with but store;
If that be had with little, what needs more.

192 *Fast and loose.*

Paphus was marry'd all in haste,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himself too fast,
He hath himself undone.

193 On Gervase.

A double gelding *Gervase* did provide,
That he and 's wife to see their friends might side,
And he a double gelding prov'd indeed;
For he so suddenly fell to his speed,
That both alight, with blows and threats among,
He leads him, and his wife drives him along.

194 Tortus.

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter,
Said he but set a good face on the matter,
Then sure he borrow'd it for 'tis well known;
Tortus ne're wore a good face of his own.

197 Christopher.

Christopher.

They well know, that did ever well know thee,
That with this Epigram thy decision.

195 ANAGRAMS

Thomas Egerton.

John Egerton. H. anagr. of John Egerton.

Honors met age.

Honors met age and seeking where to rest,
Agreed to lodge, and harbour in thy breast.

196 On Captain John,
Came-age

John Egerton. 2 anagr. of John Egerton.

Age came.

When perils by land and sea had past,
Age came to summon me to death at last.

197 Christopher Lindall,

3 anagr.

I offer, lend Christ all.

That with this Epigram thy deeds agree,
They well know, that did ever well know thee.

198 John Ryden 102

4 anagr.

In honors dy.

Thy actions friend declare thy noble mind,
And to the world thy reall worth proclaime
That fame her self cannot thy equall find,
To paralell thy glory and thy name,
On, onward still from no good action fly,
Who lives like thee, can't but in honors dy.

199 On the same.

I ne're will credit any powerfull state,
Can turn thy glory to a waning state,
Thou still wilt be thy self; therefore say I,
In honors thou shalt live, but never dy.

200 Phineas Fletcher.

5 anagr.

Hath Spencer life?

Or Spencer bath life?

That Spencer liveth; none can ignorant be,
That reads his works (Fletcher) or knoweth thee.

201 Mrs. Elizabeth Noell

6 anagr.

holinesse be still my star.

The safest conduct to the port of blisse,
Lyes not in brittle honor, for by this
We often loose our way, to shun this bar,
To heaven, holinesse be still my star.

202 *My lot is blisse eternall.*

The world's a lottery, full of various chances,
Whereof each draws a share as fortune fancies,
Among the rest that ayme at things supernall,
I've drawn, and find my lot is blisse eternall.

203 *I shall smite no ill brest.*

The common way to wound mens hearts I shun,
Nor with meere outside am I to be won,
Vertue may move me, for it crowns the best,
But I shall smite no ill or lustfull brest.

204 *My blisse on earth's little.*

Honors are faire but fading flowers which give
Delight to those that gather them, but live

Not ever flourishish, this truth I find,
Too truly in my selfe, by fate assign'd
For having all, I see that all's but brittle,
And even at best my blisse on earth's but little.

205 See my heart is still noble:

Though fortune frowns and fate suppress my will,
Yet see the lucke, my heart is noble still.

206 A riddle.

Thoughts }
Searching } c

Valued }
Love } may B



Truth never lyes
Too A foole yy:
If V have part



207 Another being a translation.

Est alius qui servire tenetur
Jure sum, servire necesse est
Jure tibi me
Te nulli cunctos
ant are videris
Qui cunctos hos laude
ant fero cunctis.

Thus Englished.

-ling bound to serve his Mr's hands
 An- is
 you -bound to do your high command
 I'me and
 None's you
 you all are then
 I'll you
 -praise other men.

208 Another.

A begger once exceeding poore,
 A penny pray'd me give him,

With Recreations.

And deeply vow'd nere to aske more
And I ne're more to give him,
Next day he begg'd againe, I gave,
Yet both of us our oathes did save.

209 *Another.*

I hold as faith	What England's Church allows
What Rome's Church faith	My conscience disavowes
Where th' King is head	The Church can have no seame,
The Flocks misled	Where the Pope's supream
Where th' Alter's drest	There's service scarce divine
The peopel's blest	Where's table bread and wine
Hee's but an ass	Who the Communion flies
Who shuns the Masse	Is Catholique and wise
Who charity preach	Their church with error's fraught
They heav'n soon reach	Where only faith is taught
On faith t' rely	No matter for good works
Is heresy	Make's Christians worse then Turks

210 *Another.*

There was a man bespake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it, did refuse it,
He that bought it, would not use it,

He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

211 On Women.

Woman's the centre and the lines are men
The circles love, how doe they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center
But love gives leave to onely one to enter.

212 On Clarret wine spilt.

What's this that's spilt? 'tis clarret wine,
'Tis well 'tis spilt, it's fall sav'd mine.

213 On womans love.

A womans love is like a Syrian flower,
That buds and spreads and withers in an houre.

214 On Cooke a cuckold.

A young cooke marri'd upon Sunday last,
And hee grew old e're tuesday night was past.

215 *A Butcher marrying a tanners daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the flesh is married to the skin.

216 *On Cupid.*

Cupid, no wonder was not cloath'd of old;
For love though naked seldom ere is cold.

217 *A plain sutor to his love.*

Faire I love thee, yet I cannot sue,
And shew my love as masking courtiers doe,
Yet by the smocke of *Venus* for thy good,
I'll freely spend my thrice concocted blood.

218 *On a passing bell.*

This dolefull musique of impartall death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

219 *On a farmer knighted.*

In my conceit fir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet goodwife a mad dame.



220 On Pallas and Bacchus birth.

Pallas the offspring of Jove's braine,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ra'ne,
He breake's his braine that learning winns,
When he that's drunk breaks but his shins.

221 On an old man doating on a yong wench.

A rich old man loving a faire yong lasse,
Out of his breeches his spectacles drew,
Wherewith he read a note, how rich he was:
All which (quoth he) sweet heart I'll give to you
Excuse me sir (quoth she) for all your riches
Ile marry none, that wears his eyes in's breeches

222 Clownish Court-ship.

Excellent Mrs. brighter then the moon,
Then scoured powder or the silver spoon,
Fairer then Phobus or the morning star,
Dainty fair Miltrisse by my troth you are,
As far excell'g Dian, and her Nymphs,
As lobsters crawfish, and as crawfish shrimps.
Thine eyes like Diamonds do shine most cleerly,
As I'm an honest man I love thee dearly

1 223. A Gentleman to his love.

Tell her I love, and if she aske how well you are,
Tell her my tongue told thee no tongue can tell!

224. Her answer.

Say not you love, unlesse you doe,
For lying will not honour you.

225. His answer.

Maddam I love, and love to doe,
And will not lye unlesse with you.

226. On a Whore.

The way to make a welshman thinke on blisse,
And daily say his prayers on his knees,
Is to perswade him that night certaiue 'tis,
The moon is made of nothing but green cheese,
Then hee'll desire of you, no greater boon,
Then to be pleas'd in heaven to eate the moon.

227. A Gentleman to his love.

227 *The vanity of man*

That every thing we do, might vaine appeare,
We have a yeine, for each day in the yeere.

228 *To a friend on the losse of his Mrs.*

If thou the best of women didst forgo,
Weigh if thou found'st hery or didst, make her so,
If she was found, know there is more then one,
If made, the workman lives though she be gone.

229 *On a whole*

Rosa is faire, but not a proper woman,
Can any woman proper be that's common.

230 *On a Welshman*

A Welshman comming late into an Inn,
Asked the maid what meat there was within?
Cow-heels she answered, and a brest of mutton;
But quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton,
Either of both shall serve, to night the brest,
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is best,
At night he tooke the brest, and did not pay,
I'th morning tooke his heels and run away.

231. *On men and women.*

I'll thrive that haplesse family, that shoves
A cocke that's silent, and a hen that crows,
I know not which lives more unnaturall lives,
Obeying husbands or commanding wives.

232. *On Linus.*

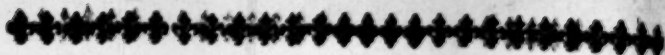
Linus told me of verses that he made,
Riding to London on a trotting Jade,
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case,
Even by his verses of his horses pace.

233. *On a little diminutive band.*

What is the reason of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep? and that his fashion doth not alter.
God-dam-me saves a labor, understand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

234. *On Julius.*

By fraud the Merchant *Julius* rakes in pelfe,
For heaven he sels, yet hath it not himself.



235 On fine apparel.

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,
Do all their substance upon them bestow:
But who a goldfinch fair would make his wife,
Make's her perhaps a wug-raille all her life.

236 Upon Conscience.

Many men this present age dispraise,
And thinke men have small conscienced now a daies.
But sure I le lay no such fault to their charge,
I rather think their conscience is too large.

237 In Cornutum.

Cornutus call'd his wife both whore and slut,
Quoth she, you'l never leave your brawling, but
But what quoth he? quoth she the post or doore,
For you have horns to but, if I'me a whore.

238 A witty passage

An old man sitting at a Christmas feast,
By eating Brawn occasioned a jest;
For whilest his tongue and gums chafed about,
For want of pales the chafed bore broke out,

And

And lights perchance upon a handfom lasse,
That neer him at the table placed was,
Which when she spi'd she pluck'd out of her sleeve
A pin and did it to the old man give, (slip)
Saying sith your brawn, out of your mouth doth
Sir take this pin and therewith close your lip,
And bursting into laughter, strain'd so much,
As with that strain her back-part spakelow dutch
Which th' old man hearing, did the pin restore.
And bad her therewith close her postern doore.

239 *A new married Bride.*

The first of all our sex, came from the side of man
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

240 *On a pudding.*

The end is all, and in the end, the praise of all de-
pends,
A pudding merrits double praise, because it hath
two ends.

241 *Answer.*

A pudding hath two ends? you lye my brother,
For it begins at one, and ends at th' other.



242 *On maydes.*

Most maids resemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no sooner women, then th' are wives,
As *Eve* knew no man ere fruit wrought her wo,
So these have fruit oft e're their husbands know.

243 *On a man whose choice was to
be bang'd or married.*

M. Loe here's the bride, and here's the tree,
Take which of these, best liketh thee.

R. The choise is bad on either part,

The woman's worse drive on the cart.

244 *Women.*

Were women as little, as they are good,
A pease cod would make them a gown and a hood.

245 *On a louse.*

A louse no reason hath to deal so ill,
With them of whom she hath so much her will,
She hath no tongue to speake ought in their praise,
But to back-bite them, finds a tongue all wayes.

246 A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.

A Courtier proud walking along the street,
Hapned by chance a Scholler for to meet,
The Courtier said, (minding nought more then
Unto the Scholler meeting face to face,
To take the wall, base men Ile not permit,
The Scholler said, I will, and gave him it.

247 Cede majoribus.

I took the wall, one rudely thrust me by,
And told me the high way did open lye,
I thank't him that he would mee so much grace,
To take the worse and leave the better place,
For if by owners we esteem of things,
The wall's the subjects, but the way the kings.

248 On Women.

Are women Saints? no Saints, and yet no devils,
Are women good? not good, but needfull evils,
So angel like that devils you need not doubt,
Such needfull evils, that few can be without.

249 On a Musitian and his Scholler.

A man of late did his fair daughter bring
To a Musitian for to learne to sing,
He fell in love with her, and her beguil'd,
With flattering words and she was got with child,
Her Father hearing this was griev'd and said,
That he with her but a base-part had playd,
For w^{ch} he swore that he would make him smart
For teaching of his daughter such a part:
But the musitian said, he did no wrong,
He had but taught her how to sing prick-song.

250 Why women weare a fall.

A question 'tis why women weare a fall,
The truth it is to pride they are given all,
And pride the proverb saies must have a fall,

251 Foras expertus.

Priscus hath been a traveller, for why?
He will so strangely swagger, swear and ly.

252 *Liber too wary to thrive.*

Liber is late set up, and wanteth custome,
Yet great resort hath got, but will not trust 'em.
Is not his love unto his friend the greater,
Hee'l want himselfe, ere hee'l see him a debtor.

253 *On Venus and Vulcan.*

I muse, why *Venus* hath such fiery holes,
I thinke that *Vulcan*, once there blow'd his coales.

254 *Detur quod meritis.*

A courtier kind in speech, curst in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,
Came to his friend to cleare his bad suspicion,
And fearing least he should be more then chidden,
Fell to flatter'ing and most base submission,
Vowing to kisse his foot if he were bidden.

My foot said he? nay that were too submisse,
You three foot higher, well deserve to kisse.

255

Gusto, at meales is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walke,

G

Whet

When every one that sits about the bord,
Makes sport to aske; what *Gusto* ne're a word?
He forc'd to answer being very loath
Is almost choak'd speaking and eating both.

256 *Sorte tina contentus.*

Bartus being bid to supper to a Lord,
Was marshall'd at the lower end of the boord,
Who vext thereat, 'mongst his comrades doth sit
And sweares that he below the salt was set;
But *Bartus*, th' art a fool to fret and sweare,
The salt stands on the bord wouldst thou sit there

257 *Fovent perjuris furtum.*

Piso hath stoln a silver bole in jest,
For which suspected only, not confest,
Rather then *Piso* will restore your bole,
To quit the body, he will cast the soule.

258 *The promise breaker.*

Ventus doth promise much, but still doth breake,
So all his promises are great and weake;
Like bubbles in the water (round and light),
Swelling so great, that they are broke out-right.

259 *Nammos & demona jungit.*

But bids you swell with envy till you burst,
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,
Bringing th' example of the fox that's curst,
And threatning folks who have least power to kill
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall,
That hath already got the devill and all.

260 *Nil gratum ratione carens,*

Paulus a pamphlet doth in prose present,
Unto his lord, (the fruits of idle time)
Who farre more carelesse then therewith content,
Wisheth it were converted into rime:
Which done and brought him at another season,
Sayd now 'tis rime, before not rime nor reason.

261 *Non cessat perdere lusor.*

Aske *Ficus* how his lucke at dicing goes.
Like to the tide (quoth he) it ebbs and flowes,
Then I suppose his chance cannot be good,
For all men know, 'tis longer ebbe then flood.

262 *Valuerem sic decipit auceps.*

Hidrow the horse-courser (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate,
Claps on his hand, and prayes he may not thrive
If that his gelding be not under five.

263 *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor lesse meant *Promus* when that vow he made,
Then to give ore his cous'ning tapsters trade,
Who check'd for short and frothy measure, swon
He never would from thence forth fill pot more.

264 *Virescit vulnere Venus.*

Susan's well sped and weares a velvet hood,
As who should know, her breeding hath bin good
'Tis reason she should rise once in her life,
That fell so oft before she was a wife.

265 *On Death.*

How base hath sin made man, to feare a thing
Which men call *Mors* which yet hath lost all sting.

And is but a privation as we know;
Nay is no word, if wee exempt the O,
Then let good men the feare of it desie,
All is but O when they shall come to dye.

266 On a rich country Gentleman,

Of woods, of plaines, of hills and vales,
Of fields, of meades, of parks and pales;
Of all I had, this I possesse,
I need no more I have no lesse.

267 On his Mrs.

Shall I tell you how the rose at first grew red,
And whence the lilly whiteness borrowed,
You blusht, & straight the rose with red was dight,
The lilly kist your hand, and so was white,
Before such time, each rose had but a stain,
And lillies nought but palenes did contayne,
You have the native colour, these the dy,
And onely flowrish in your fivory.

268 To his Mrs.

Think not deare love that I'll reveale,
Those houres of pleasure we do steale,

No eye shall see, nor yet the sun,
 Descrie what they and I have done;
 The God of love himself, whose dart
 Did first pierce mine, and next thy heart,
 He shall not know, that we can tell
 What sweats in those embraces dwell,
 Onely this meanes may find it out,
 If when I dy, Philians doubt
 What caus'd my death and they to view
 Of all the judgements that are true,
 Rip up my heart oh then I feare,
 The world will find thy picture there.

269. To Mr. Ben. Johnson demanding the reason
 why he call'd his plays works,

Pray tell me Ben, where doth the mystery lurke,
 What quibbers call a play you call a worke,

270. Thus answer'd by a friend in Mr.
 Johnsons defence,

The authors friend, thus for the author sayes,
 Bens plays are works, when others works are plaies

271 *Tempus edax rerum.*

The sweetest flower in the summers prime,
By all agreement is the damaske rose,
Which if it grow, and be not pluck'd in time,
She sheds her leaves her buds their sent do loose,

Oh let not things of worth, for want of use

Fall into all consuming times abuse:

The sweetest work that ever nature fram'd,
By all agreement is a virgins face,
Which not enjoy'd, her white and red will fade,
And unto all worme eating time give place:

Oh let not things of worth, for want of use

Fall into all consuming times abuse.

272 *Ad Aristarchum.*

Be not agriev'd my humerous lines afford,
Of looser language here and there a word,
Who undertakes to sweep a common sinke,
I cannot blame him, though his broome do stinke.

273 *To his Mrs.*

*
Thou send'st to me a heart was Crown'd,
I rooke it to be thine,
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew that heart was mine.

A bounty of a strange conceit,
To send mine own to me,
And send it in a worse estate,
Then when it came to thee;
The heart I gave thee had no staine,
It was intire and sound;
But thou hast sent it back againe,
Sick of a deadly wound.
Oh heavens! how wouldst thou use a heart
That should rebellious be,
When thou hast kill'd me with a dart,
That so much honor'd thee.

274 *On a charming beauty.*

I'll gaze no more on that bewitched face,
Since ruin harbors there in every place,
For my enchanted soul alike she drowns,
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns,
I'll love no more those cruell eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd still are murderers,
For if the dart like lightning through the ayre,
Her beames of wrath, she kills me with despaire,
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excesse of joy and dy.

275 Covetous persons:

Patrons are latrons, then by this,
Th' are worst of greedy people,
Whose cognizance a wolves head is,
And is his mouth a steeple.

276 On a dyer.

Who hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both, yet still he dyes!

277 Non verbera sed verba.

Two Schollers late appointed for the field,
Must, which was weakest to the other yeeld;
The quarrell first began about a word,
Which now should be decided by the sword;
But ere they drew, there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends againe by disputation.

278 In Oſavium.

Oſavius lying at the point of death,
His gelding kindly did to me bequeath:
I wanted one, and was in haste to ride,
In better time he never could have di'd.

279 Of letting.

In bed a yong man with his old wife lay,
O wife quoth he I've let a thing to day,
By which I feare I am a looser much:
His wife replies youths bargaines still are such;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring——
Oh wife quoth he, no looser I am now,
A marv'lous savor I am made by you:
Yong men that old wives have may never sell,
Because old wives quoth he let things so well.

280 In Doffum.

Doffe riding forth the wind was very big
And strained court'ie with his perriwig,
Leaving his sponce behind so voyd of haire,
As Elops crow might breake her oyster there;
Foole he to thinke his haire could carry fast,
When *Boreas* teares up forests with a blast.

281 *Post dulcia finis amarus.*

Jenkin a wellsh-man that had suires in law,
Journeying to London chanc'd to steale a cow;

For which (pox on her luck as ne're man saw)
Was burnt within the fist, and know not how:
Being ask'd if well the lawes with him did stand
Was have her now (quoth *Jenkin*) in her hand:

282 *In Admiram.*

Fine *Minca* lisping yea and no forsooth,
Though little ears, yet keeps a dainty tooth:
Minca that longs for apples on the tree;
In May, before the blossomes fallen be,
Or will not eat a Kentish cherry down,
But for a couple, when she payes a crown,
And cares not for a straw-berry or peare,
In truth because th' are common every where,
Yet what is that which may be had for reason,
And never comes told since out of season?

283 *Femina ludificans viros.*

Kind *Katherine* to her husband kist these words,
Mine own sweet, *Will* how dearly do I love thee;
If true (quoth *Will*) the world no such affords,
And that it's true I durst his warrant bee,
For ne're heard I of woman good or ill,
But alwayes loved best her own sweet will.

284

(Wit 284) *Ad Tuffum.* 10 209) did wit

Tuffum, they tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou reaching thrife, thy self couldst never thrive.
So like the whetstone many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.

285 *Præstare videtur quævis esse.*

Cleas with clients is well customed,
That hath the laws but little studied;
No matter *Cleas* so they bring their fees,
How ill the case and thy advice agrees.

286 *Tunc res agit.*

A jealous merchant that a saylor met,
Ask'd him the reason why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their absence might beget,
That still at sea, constrained are to tarry?
Sir (quoth the Saylor) think you that so strange
'Tis done the time whiles you but walks th' ex-

287 *A conference.*

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,
My selfe, a Swisse, with a Hungarian,

At supper met discoursed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that understood another.

288 *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not a hypocrite and why?
He flies all good, to fly hypocrisie.

289 *Quid non verba fudeam.*

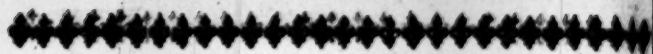
Sextus, halfe salvd his credit with a jest,
That at a reckoning this devise had got,
When he should come to draw amongst the rest,
And saw each man had coine, himselfe had not,
His empty pocket feels and 'gins to say,
In sadnes firshere's not a crosse to pay.

290 *Stupidus Bins.*

Sith time flies fast a way, his fastest flight;
Bins prevents with dreaming day and night.

291 *In diuiss.*

Rich men their wealth as children rattles keepy
When playd a while with't then they fall asleep.



292 *In Fannium.*

What furi's this, his foe' whilst *Fannius* flies,
He kills himself, for feare of death he dies.

293 *To Vellius.*

Thou swearest I bowle as well as most men doe,
The most are bunglers, therein thou say' st true.

294 *In divites iracundas.*

Rich friends' gainst poore to anger still are prone,
It is not well but profitably done.

295 *Clericus absque libro.*

When *Crassus* in his office was instal'd,
For summs of money, which he yet doth ow,
A client by the name of Clerk him call'd,
As he next day to Westminster did go,
Which *Crassus* hearing whispers thus in's eare;
Sirrah you now mistake and much do erre,
That henceforth must the name of Clerke forbear,
And know I am become an officer.
Alas (quoth he) I did not so much marke,
Good Mr. officer, that are no clerke.

296 *Durum telum necessitas.*

Coquus with hunger penniless constrain'd
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,
Had suddainly this project entertain'd,
Instead of what's to pay, to call mine host,
Who being come entreateth him discusse,
What price the law allots for shedding blood:
Whereto mine host directly answers thus,
'Twas alwayes fourty pence he understood,
So then quoth *Coquus* to requite your paines
Pray break my head, & give me what remaines.

297 *Loves Lunacy.*

Before I knew what might belong to war,
I was content to suffer many a scar;
Yet none could hurt me, till at length a boy,
Disgrace to manhood, wrought my sad annoy,
This lad though blind, yet did he shoot a dart
Which pierc'd my brest and lighted on my heart,
Yet did I feel no hurt till from above,
I heard a voyce say souldiers you must love,
I lik't it well and in this pleasing vaine:
I lost my wits to get my heart againe.

298. *Soliloquy.*

Your lips (faire Lady) (if't be not too much,
I beg to kisse, your hand I crave to touch,
And if your hand deny that courtesie,
(Sweet Mistress) at your feet I prostrate lie;
But if your foot Spurn my humility,
Or that your lips think I doe aime too high;
Then let your hand in token of consent,
Point at the meane, the meane of all content,
And I shall leave extreames, and to be blis,
Rest in your midst where vertue doth consist.

299. *To an upstart.*

Thine old friends thou forgot having got wealth
No marvaile, for thou hast forgot thy self.

300. *Sonnets.*

A strange contention being lately had
Which kind of Musicke was the sweet'st and best,
Some prais'd the sprightly found and some the sad
Some lik't the viols, and among the rest

Some in the bag-pipes commendations spoke,
(Quoth one stood by) give me a pipe of smoke.

301 *Similis doctrina libelli.*

Cæsar of all things loveth not to buy
 So many books of such diversity:
 Your Almanack (sayes he) yeeld's all the fence,
 Of time's best profit and experience,
 302 *On Tullus.*
 Tullus who was a Taylour by profession,
 Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large possession.

303 *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new fashions doth invent,
 Things which are old, young men do not esteeme:
 What pleas'd our fathers doth not us content,
 What flourish'd then we out of fashion deeme:
 And that's the cause as I doe understand,
 Why Prodigus did sell his fathers land.

304 *In medicum.*

When Mingo cryes how doe you fir? tis thought,
 His Patient's wanteth and his Practice's naught:
 Wherefore of late, now every one he metteth,
 With I am glad to see you well — He greeteth

But who'l beleeeve him now, when all can tell,
The world goes ill with him, when all are well.

305 *Crispati crines plume dant calcar amari.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his shoulder weares a dangling lock?
The one foretels hee'l sooner fly then fight,
The other showes hee's wrapt in's mothers smock.
But wherefore weares hee such a jingling spurr?
O know, he deales with jades that will not lurr.

306 *Most men mistaken.*

Good, bad, rich, poor, the foolish and the sage,
Doe all cry out against the present age:
Ignorance make us thinke our young times good,
Our elder dayes are better understood:
Besides griefes past, we easily forget,
Present displeasures make us sad or fret.

307 *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a womans hayre doth weare,
But yet he weares the same comb'd out behinde:
So men the waller of their faults doe beare,
For if before him, he that fault should finde:



I thinke foule shame, would his fayre face invade,
To see a man so like a woman made.

308 *Of Batardas.*

Batardas needs would know his Horoscope,
To see if he were borne to scape the rope:
The *Magus* said, ere thou mine answer have,
I must the names of both thy parents crave:
That said, *Batardas* could not speak, but spit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doores at last he stept with shame,
To aske his mother for his fathers name.

309 *An idle huswife.*

Fine, neat, and curious mister is Butterfly,
The idle toy, to please an idiots eyes:
You, that with all good huswives hang'd, for why,
Your dayes work's done, each morning as you rise:
Put on your gown, your ruff, your mask, your chain,
Then dine and sup, and goe to bed againe.

310 *Consuetudo lex.*

Two Woers for a Wench were each at strife,
Which should enjoy her to his wedded wife:

Wits Recreations.

Quoth th' one, shee's mine, because I first her saw,
Shee's mine quoth th' other by Pye-corner law :
Where sticking once a pricke on what you buy,
It's then your owne, which no man must deny.

311 *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no Poet ever writ,
Before that love inspir'd his dull-head witt :
And that himselfe in love, had wit no more,
Then one starke mad, though somewhat wise before.

312 *To women.*

You were created angels pure and fayre,
But since the first fell, tempting devills you are :
You should be mens blisse, but you prove their roe
Were there no women men might live like gods.

313 *On marriage.*

Wedding and hanging the destinies dispatch,
But hanging to some, seemes the better match.

314 *Quidam erat.*

A preaching fryar there was, who thus began,
The scripture saith there was a certaine man :

Wits Recreations.



318 *On Gallants Cloakes.*

Without, plaine cloth, within, plush't: but I doubt
the wearers worst within, and best without.

319 *On Banks the usurer.*

Banks feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
His monyes travaile for him in and out :
And though the soundest legges go every day,
He toyles to be at hell as soone as they.

320 *Pecunia prevaleat.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Aristotles* ?
Hang't give him wealth enough, let wix stop both

321 *On the same.*

Tom vow'd to beat his boy against the wall,
And as he strucke, he forth-with caught a fall :
The boy deriding said, I doe averre,
Y' have done a thing, you cannot stand to fir.

322 *On debt.*

To be indebted is a shame men say,
Then is confounding of a shame away



323 *Umbras non certus metuit*

Mistriffe *Maryna* starts to see a frog,
A naked rapier or a creeping mouse:
To hear a Gun, or barking mastive dog,
Or smell Tobacco, that defiles her house,
To taste of fish, no man alive shall woer her,
Yet feares she not what flesh can doe unto her.

324 *On women.*

Although they seeme us onely to affect,
Tis their content, not ours, they most respect:
They for their own ends cunningly can feigne,
And though they have't by nature, yet they'll strain:
Sure if on earth, by wiles gain'd might be blisse,
Staight that I were a woman I would wish.

325 *On Swanzo:*

Swanzo broad-brim'd hat I oft compare,
To the vast compass of the heavenly sphere:
His head, the earths globe, fixed under it,
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

Wits Recreations.



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To be indebted is a shame men say,
Then 'tis confessing of a shame to pay.



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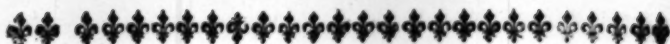
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325 *On Saranzo.*

Saranzo's broad-brim'd hat I oft compare,
To the vast compasse of the heavenly spheare :
His head, the earths globe, fixed under it,
Whose center is, his wondrous little witt.



326 *In Cottam.*

Cotta when he hath din'd faith god be prais'd,
Yet never prayseth god, for meat or drinke:
Sith *Cotta* speaketh and not practiceth,
He speaketh surely what he doth not thinke.

327 *De corde & lingua.*

The tongue was once a servant to the heart,
And what it gave, shee freely did impart:
But now hypocrisie is growne so stronge:
Shee makes the heart a servant to the tongue.

328 *On poverty.*

If thou be' poor, thou shalt be ever so.
None now doe wealth but on the rich bestow,

329 *Women are mens shadowes :*

Follow a shaddow it still flies you,
Seeme to fly, it will pursue:
So court a mistrisse shee denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you.

Say are not women truely then,
Stil'd but the shadowes of us men?

Wits Recreations.

At morne and even shades are longest,
At noone they are, or short or none :
So men at weakest they are strongest ;
But grant us perfect they're not known.
Say are not women truely then
stil'd but the shadowes of us men ?

330 *In ebriosum.*

Fy man (faith shee) but I tell mistrisse *Anne*,
Her drunken husband is no drunken man :
For those wits, which are overcome with drink,
Are voyd of reasons and are beasts I thinke.

331 *Wills errorr.*

Will sayes his wife's so fat, shee scarce can goe,
But shee as nimble answers faith sir no :
Alas good *Will* thou art mistaken quite,
For all men know, that shee is wondrous light.

332 *On Rome.*

Hate & debate, *Rome* through the world hath spred,
Yet *Roma* a mock is if backward read :

Then

Then is't not strange, *Rome* hate should foster ? no,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

333

All things have favour, though some very small,
Nay a box on the eare hath no smell at all.

334 *Art, fortune, and ignorance.*

When Fortune fell asleep, and Hate did blinde her,
Art Fortune lost, and Ignorance did finde her :
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortune's store,
Hath bin enrich'd and Art hath still bin poore.

335 *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio* like a Dutch-man goes,
Yet drunke with English ale ; one would suppose:
That hee would shoulder down each door & wall,
But they must stand, or he, poor fool ! must fall :

336 *On love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers say,
Thou following him, with one he flies away :

Wits Recreations.

With th' other, if thou fly, he followes thee,
Therefore the last, Love, onely use for me.

337 *On the same.*

Love, as tis said, doth work with such strange tools,
That he can make fooles wise-men, wise-men fools:
Then happy I, for being nor foole nor wise,
Love with his toyes and tooles I shall despise.

338 *On a wanton.*

Some the word wanton fetch, though with final skill
From those that want one to effect their will:
If so, I thinke that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want one?

339 *In procos:*

Who woes a wife, thinks wedded men do know,
The onely true content, I thinke not so:
If Woe in wooers bee, that women court,
As the word Woe in wooers doth import:
And Woe in woemen too, that courted be,
As the word Woe, in women we doe see:

Wits Recreations.

I thinke 'tis better lead a single life,
Then with this double woe to wooe a wife.

340 *Ingluvium sequitur famem :*

Curio would feed upon the daintiest fare,
That with the court or countrey might compare;
For what let's *Curio* that he need to care,
To frolique freely with the proud'st that dare :
But this excessse was such in all things rare,
As he prov'd banquerout ere he was aware,

Like leaden drive 341 *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perswade him all I can,
The world should take him for an gentle-man :
His reason's this, because men should not deeme,
That he is such, as he doth never seem.

Wen 342 *On Priscus mistrisse.*

Priscus commends his mistrisse for a girl,
Whose lips be rubies, and whose teeth are pearl ;

Th' had

Wits Recreations.

Th' had need prove so, or else it will be found,
He payes too deare; they cost him many a pound.

343 *On Women.*

Women thinke wo—men far more constant bee,
Then wee men, and the letter O wee see:
In wo—men, not in we men, as they say,
Figures earth's constant Orbe; we men say nay:
It meanes the moone, which proves (none thinke it
women are constant, & most true in change (strange

344 *On Promises.*

My Mistrisse sweares shee'd leave all men for me,
Yea though that Jove himselfe should rivall be:
Shee sweares it, but what women sweare to kind-
-Loves, may be writ in rapid seas and winde.

345 *To his mistrisse.*

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were for-sworne:
And those eies like breake of day.
Lights that doe mislead the morne:

But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, though seal'd in vaine,

Hide

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosome beares :
On whose tops the pinkes that grow,
Are of those that Aprill weares :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icie chaines by thee.

346 *On souldiers.*

Not faith, nor conscience common souldiers carry,
Best pay, is right ; their hands are mercenary.

347 *In Diogenem & Cressus :*

When the tubb'd *Cynicke* went to hell, and there,
Found the pale ghost of golden *Cressus* bare,
Hee stops ; and jeering till he shrugges againe,
Sayes O ! thou richest king of kings, what gaine
Have all thy large heapes brought thee, since I spie
Thee here alone, and poorer now then I ?
For all I had, I with me bring ; but thou,
Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

348 *On a barber.*

Suppose my Barber, when his razors nigh
My throat, should then aske wealth and liberty :

I'de

But missing it, he ask't a neighbour by
 When the rich *Durus*' were lock'd and why?
 He said it was a Custome growne of late
 At dinertime to lock your great man's gate.
Durus' his poor friend admir'd & thought the doo
 Was not for State lock'd up, but 'gainst the poore
 And thence departing empty of good cheere,
 Said, Lord have mercy on us, is not there.

352. *On a Puritane.*

From impure monthes now many bear the name
 Of Puritane, yet merit not the same,
 This one shall onely be my Puritan
 That is a knave, yet seems an honest man.

353. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Pedes growne proud makes men admire thereat
 Whose baser breeding, should they think not be
 Nay, he on cock-horse rides, how like you that?
 Tut *Pedes* Proverb is, Win gold and wear it,
 But *Pedes* you have seen them rise in haste,
 That through their pride have broke their necks
 (at last)



354 On *Bibens*.

Bibens to shew his liberality,
Made *Lusus* drunk; a noble quality,
And much esteem'd, which *Bibens* fain would
To be the signe of his familiar-love. (prove,
Lusus beware, thou'lt finde him in the end,
Familiar devill, no familiar friend.

355 On *Tobacco*.

Things which are common, common men do
The better sort do common things refuse: (use,
Yet countrys-cloth-breech, & court-velvet-hose,
Puff both alike, Tobacco, through the nose.

356 In *Superbum*.

Rustick *Superbum* fine new cloath's hath got,
Of Taffata and Velvet, fair in sight;
The shew of which hath so bewitch'd the sort,
That he thinks Gentleman to be his right.

But he's decoiv'd; for, true that is of old,
An Ape's an Ape, though he wear cloth of
(gold.

357. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was so free of oathes last day, (say:
That he would swear, what e're he thought to
But now such is his chance, whereat he's griev'd,
The more he swears, the lesse he is believ'd.

358. *On Christmas-Ivy.*

At *Christmas* men do alwaies Ivie get,
And in each corner of the house it set.
But why do they, then, use that *Bacchus* weed?
Because they mean, then, *Bacchus*-like to feed.

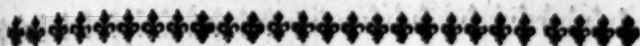
359. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting-*Bacchus*, to the earth did bend
His knee, to drink a Health unto his friend:
And there he did, so long, in liquor pour,
That he lay quite sick-drunk upon the floor.
Judge, was not there a drunkards kindness shown,
To drink his friend a Health, and lose his own?

360. *Of a fat man.*

He's rich, that hath great in-comes by the year;
Then that great belly'd man is rich, Ile swear:

For



For sure, his belly ne'r so big had bin,
Had he not daily had great comings-in.

361 *Vindicta vim sequitur.*

Kitt being kick'd and spurr'd; pursues the Law,
That doon'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Wch, w^{ch} the party wch had wrong'd him, saw;
Thought 'twas too great a fine for such offence;
Why then, quoth *Kitt*, if I too much request,
Thou maist at any time kick out the rest.

363 *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being yong, they said he was a Gull;
Of his simplicity, each mouth was full:
And pitying him, they'd say, the foolish Lad
Would be deceived, sure, of all he had.
His youth is past, now may they turn him loose;
For why? the Gull is grown to be a Goose.

363 *Per plumas anser.*

See how yong *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthfull untill now: (gray,
Ere Christmas next, his green Goose will be
And those high burnish'd plumes in's cap will
(bow.
But

Wits Recreations.

But you do wrong him, since his purse is full
To call him Goose, that is so yong a Gull.

364 *Of Ienkyn.*

Ienkyn is a rude clown, go tell him so.
What need I tell, what he himself doth know
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a sot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not.

365 *To Fortune.*

Poets say Fortune's blinde, and cannot see,
And therefore to be born withall, if she
Sometimes drop gifts on undeserving wights:
But sure they are deceiv'd; she hath her sight,
Els could it not at all times so fall out, (out
That fools should have, & wise men go with

366 *Unde venit, memora.*

With earthen plate, *Agathocles*, they say,
Did use to meal; so serv'd with *Samo's* clay,
When jewell'd plate, and rugged earth was by,
He seem'd to mingle wealth and poverty.
One ask'd the cause: he answers, I that am
Sleilia's King, from a poor Potter came.

Hence

Wits Recreations.

Hence learn, thou that art rais'd from mean
To sudden riches, to be temperate. (estate,

367 *On Leucm.*

Leucm loves life, yet liveth wickedly;
He hateth death, yet wisheth he may dy
Honestly and well: so what is naught he loves,
And what he would have good, he nought ap-
(proves.

368 *On Biscm.*

I pray you Sir, give *Biscm* leave to speak,
The Gander loves to hear himself to creak.

369 *In Tbrasonem.*

Since *Tbraso* met one stoutly in the field,
He crakes his spirit, & knows not how to yield;
Looks big, swears, strouts with set-side-arms the
Yet gently yields the wal to al he meets. (streets,
And to his friends that asks the reason, why?
His answer's this, My self I grace thereby:
For every one the common proverb knows,
That alwaies to the wall the weakest go's.

Wits Recreations.



370 *In Courtship.*

One told his wife, a Hart's-head he had bought
To hang his Hat upon, and home it brought.
To whom his frugal wife, What needs that care
I hope, sweet-heart, your head your hat can bear

371 *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kinde salute,
Would needs intreat my custom: for a suit:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e're you please, Ile take your word for all
I thank'd, took, gave my word; say than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

372 *On Sims marriage.*

Six moneths, quoth *Sim*, a Suitor, and not spee
I in a sev'n-night did both woo & wed. (Shake
Who green fruit loves, must take long pains to
Thine was some downfall, I dare undertake.

373 *On a Wittall.*

I know my fate, and that must bear;
And since I know, I need not fear.

Wits Recreations.

374 *On Mopsus.*

Mopsus almost, what e're he means to speak,
Before it fir-reverence the way must break:
Such maners hath fir-reverence learnt at school,
That now fir-reverence *Mopsus* is a fool.

375 *On Chym.*

Chym cals his wife, & reck'ning all his neighbors,
Just half of them are Cuckolds, he avers.
Nay fie, quoth she, I would they heard you speak;
You of your self, it seems, no reckoning make.

376 *Turpe lucrum Venerii.*

Will in a wilfull humour, needs would wed
A wench of wonder, but without a stock; (spred,
Whose fame no sooner through the street was
But thither straight our chiefest Gallants flock.
Put case she's poor, brings she not chapmen on?
I hope his stock may serve to graft upon.

377 *On Womens faults.*

Wee Men in many faults abound,
But two in Women can be found:

Wits Recreations.



370 *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Hart's-head he had bought,
To hang his Hat upon, and home it brought.
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That now fir-reverence *Mopsus* is a fool.

375 *On Clym.*

Clym cals his wife, & reck'ning all his neighbors,
Just half of them are Cuckolds, he averrs.
Nay fie, quoth she, I would they heard you speak;
You of your self, it seems, no reckoning make.

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I hope his stock may serve to graff upon.

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Wee Men in many faults abound,
But two in Women can be found:

Wits Recreations.

Protests in nothing, be he ne'r so bare,
He's brave in this, that he can bravely swear.

381 *In Coam.*

A nor Ω will *Coa* espy,
Till she ascend up the corner'd Π .

382 *De Ore.*

Os of *O*, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take.
I had been in *Scaliger's* belief,
But that I look'd in *O*, and saw no Teeth.

383 *In Hugonem.*

Though praise, & please, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praise, and please, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praise, and please, doth *Hugo* himself alone.

384 *Fronti nulla fides.*

Cantus that Wooll-ward went, was wondred at;
Which he excus'd, as done through pure contri-
But who so simple, *Cantus*, credits that? (tion.
Tis too wel known, thou art of worse condition.
And

And therefore if no linnen thee begirt,
The naked truth will prove, thou hast no shirt.

385 *On Severus.*

Severus is extreme in Eloquence,
For he creates rare phrase, but rarer sence ;
Unto his Serving-man, *alias*, his Boy,
He utters speech exceeding quaint and coy ;
Diminutive, and my defective slave ;
My Pleasures pleasure is, that I must have
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
T'insconce my person from frigidity.
His man believes all's Welsh his master spoke,
Till he rails English, Rogue, go fetch my Cloak.

386 *On a Gallant.*

(mine ears?)
What Gallant's that, whose oathes fly through
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he swears !
How Dutch-man like he swallows down his
How sweet he takes Tobacco, til he stink ! (drink)
How lofty sprighted, he disdains a Boor.
How faithfull hearted he is to a ——— !
How cock-tail proud he doth himself advance !
How rare his Spurs do ring the Morrice-dance !

Now I protest, by Mistress *Susans* Eann,
He and his Boy will make a proper Man.

387 *Against Caius.*

Twenty small pieces I'd have borrowed late,
Which, if bestow'd, had been a gift not great:
For, 'twas a rich friend whom I ask'd, and old;
Whose crowded chests would scarce his riches
(hold.

He cry's, Turn Lawyer, and thou'lt thrive: I'd
(have
No Conncell, *Caius*, give me what I crave.

388 *On Vertue, Milla's maid.*

Saith *Aristotle*, *Vertue* ought to be
Communicative of her self, and free;
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's* maid, been so?
Who's grown hereby, as big as she can go.

389 *On Corydon.*

An home-spun Peasant with his Urine-glasse,
The Doctour ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your Worship, that, shall by my Water know.

389 *Fama mendax.*

Report, thou sometime art ambitious,
At other times, too sparing, covetous;
But many times exceeding envious,
And out of time most dev'lish, furious.
Of some, or all of these, I dare compound thee;
But for a Lyer ever have I found thee.

390 *On a Spanish souldier.*

A Spanish souldier, sick unto the death,
His Pistoll to's Physician did bequeath.
Who did demand, what should the reason be,
'Bove other things to give him that. (Quoth he)
This, with your practise joyned, you may kill,
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

391 *On Otbo.*

Three daughters *Otbo* hath, his onely heirs,
But will by no means let them learn to write;
'Cause, after his own humour, much he fears,
They'l one day learn, Love-letters to indite.
The yongest now's with childe; who taught her
Or of her self learn'd she to hold her pen? (then,

392 *On Hypocrisy.*

As Venifon in a poor mans kitchin's rare,
So Hypocrites and Ufurers in Heaven are.

393 *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dies, as Poets fung,
His Heart's the last that ftirs, of hers, the Tongue.

394 *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) because I'd live a quiet life.

395 *On Furnus.*

Furnus takes pains, he need not without doubt;
O yes, he labours much. How? with the Gowt:

396 *On a Thief.*

A Thief condemned for a hainous crime,
Was for to lofe his Tongue at the fame time:
But he the Court intreats with feigned tears,
To spare his Tongue, and cut off both his Ears.

To this, the Judge, and all the Bench agreed,
And for th' Executioner sent with speed:
Who being come, and searching, there was found
No Ears, but Hairs; at which, all laughed round.
Saith th' Judge, thou hast no Ears, Sir (quoth the
(wight)

Where there is nought, the King must lose his
(right.

397 *Quid non ebrietas?*

Rubin reports, his Mistris is a Punk;
Which being told her, was no whit dismayd,
For sure as death (quoth she) the villains drunk,
And in that raking, knows not what he said.

'Twas well excus'd; but oft it comes to' passe,
That true we finde, *In vino veritas.*

398 *Infirmis-animosus.*

Pontius by no means from his coyn departs,
Z'foot, will you have of men more than their
(hearts?

399 *Aculina ad coriam.*

Liza, that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known or seen:
And reason good, he hath that place resign'd,
Witness his cloak, throughout with velvet lin'd.
Which

Which by a Paradox comes thus to passe,
The greasie Gull is turn'd a gallant asse.

400 *Frustra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was, Stand; and after, stand-Deliver.
But Dick's in Newgate, and he fears shall never
Be blest again with that sweet word, Deliver.

401 *Magnis non est morandum.*

See how Silenus walks accomplished,
With due performance of his fathers Page:
Looks back of purpose to be honoured,
And on each slight occasion gins to rage;
You villain, dog, where hath your stay bin such?
Quoth he, the Broaker would not lend so much.

402 *Puduit sua damna referre.*

Such ill success had Dick, at Dice, last night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play least in sight:
But if you love him, make thereof no speeches,
He lost his Rapier, Cloak, and velvet Breeches.

403 *Ni-*

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403 Ni-

403 *Nimis-doerit consuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft replenished,
But nought thereof must be diminished,
Vnless some worthless upper-dish or twain;
The rest for service still again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for show,
Leaving a dish upon the bench below,
Was by his Master (much offended) blam'd:
Which he, as brief, with answer quickly fram'd,
'Tath been so often brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoft it self had known the
(way.

404 *Poculo jungimur amici.*

A health, saith *Lucas*, to his Loves bright eye,
Which not to pledge, were much indignity:
You cannot do him greater courtesie,
Than to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

405 *Nullum stimulum ignaris.*

Cæcus awake, was told the Sun appear'd,
Which had the darkness of the morning clear'd
But *Cæcus* sluggish, thereto makes reply,
The Sun hath further far to go than I.

406 *Detur laus digniori.*

Mist'ris *Marina* amongst some gossip-sate,
Where faces were the Subject of their chat;
Some look'd too pale, some seem'd too fiery red,
Some brown, some black, and some ill fashioned.
Good Lord (quoth she) you all are much to blame,
Let's alone, and praise the maker of the same:
Her Chamber-maid, who heard her, standing by,
Said, then love me, for that you know was I.

407 *Non penia, sed avar.*

Caius accounts himselfe accurst of men,
Only because his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her Pen,
And yet hath since, another Tutor got.
Caius, it seems, thy skill she did but cheapen,
And means to try him at another weapon.

408 *An absolute Gallant.*

If you will see true valour here display'd,
Heare *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid:
D'ye see me wrong'd, and will ye thus restrain me?
Sir let me go, for by these hilts I'le braine ye.



Shall a base patch, with appearance wrong me?
 I'll kill the villaine, pray do not prolong me;
 Call my Tobacco putrified stufte?
 Tell me it stinks? say it is drosse I snuffe?
 Sirrah what are you? why sir what would you?
 I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:
 O are you so? I cry you mercy then,
 I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

409 *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth shew his purse, and tels you this,
 It is more horrid than a Pest-house is;
 For in a Pest-house many mortals enter,
 But in his purse one angell dares not venture.

410 *Ambo-dexter.*

Two Gentlemen of hot and fiery sp'rite,
 Took boat and went up west-ward to go fight;
 Embarked both, for Wend-worth they set Sail,
 And there arriving with a happy gale.
 The Water-men discharged for their fare,
 Then to be parted, thus their minds declare:
 Pray Oares, say they, stay here, and come not nigh,
 We go to fight a little, but here by:

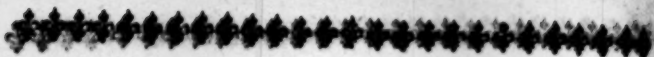
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The Water-men, with Staves did follow then,
And cry'd, oh hold your hands, good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the Law, forbear;
So they put weapons up, and fell to swear.

411 *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to go see;
What doth my Feather flourish with a grace?
And this my curled hair become my face?
How decent doth my doublet's forme appear?
I would I had my shite in Hounds-ditch here.
Do not my Spurs pronounce a silver sound?
Is not my hose circumference profound?
Sir these be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Tylor with a sheet of paper-bill,
Vow's he'll be paid, and Sergeants he hath see'd,
Which wait your coming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady stay,
He see no Counter for her sake to day.

412 *In Jeopardy.*
Sexton fixe pockets wears; two for his uses,
The other four, to pocket up abuses.



413 *Tom's Fortune.*
 Tom tells he's robb'd, and counting all his losses,
 Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of crosses:
 If all be gone, Tom take this comfort then,
 Th'art certain never to have crosse agen.

414 *Opus & Usur.*
 Opus for need, consum'd his wealth apace,
 And ne're would cease until he was undone;
 His brother Usur liv'd in better case
 Than Opus did, although the eldest Son.
 'Tis strange it should be so, yet here was it,
 Opus had all the Land, Usur the Win.

415 *A good Wife.*
 A Bachelor would have a Wife were wife,
 Faire, rich, and young, a maiden for his his bed;
 Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultless line;
 A Country hufwife, in the City bred.
 But he's a fool, and long in vain hath staid;
 He should bespeak her, there's none ready made.

416 On an inconstant Mistress.

I dare not much say, when I thee commend,
Lest thou be changed ere my prayes end.

417. To Lesbiam.

Why should I love thee *Lesbia*? I no reason see,
Then out of reason, *Lesbia* I love thee.

418 In Paulinum.

Paul by day wrongs me, yet he daily swears.
He wisheth me as well as to his soul:
I know his drift to damne that he nought cares,
To please his body; therefore good friend *Paul*,
If thy kind Nature, will afford me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

419 On Zeno.

Zeno would faineth' old widow *Egle* have;
Trust me she's wise, for she is rich and brave:
But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, she will none of you,
In my mind she's the wiser of the two.

Wits Recreations.



420 *To Cotta.*

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not salute thee,
I us'd it whilst I wor thy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted saint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

421 *To Women,*

Ye that have beauty, and withall no pity,
Are like a prick-song lesson without ditty.

422 *On Creta.*

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proof, for every one can tell:
So strong's her love, that if I not mistake,
It doth extend to others, for his sake.

423 *On Priscus.*

Why still doth *Priscus* strive to have the wall?
Because he's often drunk, and fears to fall.

424 *Idu*



424. *Ictus piscator sapit.*

Brutus at length escap'd the Surgeons hands;
Begins to frollique as if all were well;
And would not for the worth of thrice his lands,
Endure the brunt of such another hell;
But leaves this farewell, for his Physicks hire;
The child that's burnt, for ever dreads the fire.

425. *On Rufus.*

At all; quoth *Rufus*, set ye, what you dare?
I'll throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyn I'll never spare,
Why *Rufus*, that's the cause of all that's sold.
For with franck gamesters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

426. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of so great power,
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds, devour.

427 *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep discourtesie,
Call'd an Attorney meer necessity:
The more Knaave he, admit he had no Law,
Must he be flouted at by every Daw?

428. *On Furies.*

Furies a Lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd so madly, that he lost his wits;
Yet he lost nought, yet grant I he was mad,
How could he loose that which he never had?

429 *Fooles Fortune.*

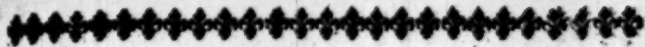
God sends fools Fortune, but not to all,
For some are great fools, whose fortunes are small.

430 *Tace sed age.*

Little or nothing said, soon mended is,
But they that nothing do, do most amisse.

431 *On*

Fic
And



431 *On a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a mad-man if a wife he had
A wife, quoth he, I never was so mad.

432 *To Scilla.*

If it be true, that promise is a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedom hardly get;
For if she hath vow'd her service to so many,
She'll neither pay them all, nor part from any.
Yet she to satisfy her debts, desires
To yeild her body (as the Law requires.)

433 *Nescis, quid serus vespis verbar.*

Lycus deviseth as he lies in bed,
What new apparrell, he were best to make him:
So many fashions flow within his head,
As much he fears the Taylor will mistake him:
But he mistook him not, that by the way,
Did for his old suit lay him up, that day.

434 *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath lost his nose, but knows not how,
And that seems strange to every one that knows it:
Mc-

Methinks I see it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did loose it.
To tell you true, *Ficm* I thus suppose,
'Twas some French Caniball, bit off your nose.

435 *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnaldo free from fault, demands his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth she, good husband, do not now repent,
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

436 *Quis nisi mentis inops—*

Ware profer'd, stinks, yet stay good Proverb, stay,
Thou art deceiv'd, as clients best can say;
Who profering trebble fees, for single care,
It's well accepted, gold it is such ware.

437 *On a Friend indeed.*

A reall friend a Canon cannot batter;
With nom'nall friends, a Squib's a perilous matter.

438 *Man's*

438 *Mans ingresse, and egress.*

Nature, which headlong into life did throng us,
With our feet forward, to our grave doth bring us :
What is lesse ours, than this our borrowed breath ?
We stumble into life, we go to death.

* 439 *On bad debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyers ; for they say,
Ple pay you without fail, on such a day :
Come is the day, to come the debt is still,
So still they lye, though stand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath so oft ly'd in this wise,
That now he lies in Lud-gate for his lyes.

440 *On a foolish dolt.*

A Justice walking o're the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack ;
He said to's man, here is some danger, *James*,
I prethee help me over on thy back.

441 *On Pamurgus.*

Pamurgus pryces in high and low affairs,
Her talks of forraigne, and our civill state :

Bui

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Panurgus pryies in high and low affairs,
He talks of forraigne, and our civill state :

Bui

But for his own, he neither counts nor cares;
That he refers to fortune and his fate,
His neighbors faults straight in his face he'l find,
But in a bag he laps his own behind.

442 *To a sleeping talker.*

In sleep thou talk'st unfor-thought mysteries,
And utter'st unfor-seen things, with close eyes:
How wel wouldst thou discourse, if thou wert dead,
Since sleep, death's image, such fine talk hath bred?

443 *Omne simile non est idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine,
Mistook a painted Madam for a signe
That in a window stood; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no wooden signe was painted,
But Madam——yea true said he,
Yet 'tis little signe of modesty.

444 *Qui ebrius laudet temperantiam.*

Severus likes not these unseason'd lines,
Of rude absurdities, times foul abuse,
To all posterities, and their assignes,
That might have bin, saith he, to better use.

What

What fencelesse gull, but reason may convince,
Or jade so dull, but being kick'd will wince.

445 On *Misus*.

They say the Usurer *Misus* hath a mill,
Which men to powder grindeth cruelly;
But what is that to me? I feare no ill,
For smaller than I am, I cannot be.

446 On *wisdom and vertue*.

Wise-men are wiser than good-men, what then?
Tis better to be wiser than wise men.

447 On *Ducus*.

Ducus keeps house, and it with reason stands,
That he keep house, hath sold away his lands,

448 On *Mysus* and *Mopsus*.

Mysus and *Mopsus* hardly could agree,
Striving about superiority:
The Text which saith that man and wife are one,
Was the chief argument they stood upon.

She

She held, they both one woman should become:
He held, they should be man, and both but one,
So they contended daily, but the strife;
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

448 *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B. Court,
Cited (as he said) by a knave relator:
I ask'd him wherefore? he in laughing sort,
Told me it was but for a childish matter.
How ere he laugh't it out, he lied not:
Indee d'twas childish, for the child he got.

449 *On Castriotes.*

See, see, what love is now betwixt each fist,
Since *Castriotes* had a scabby wrist:
How kindly they, by clawing one another,
As if the left hand were the right hands brother.

450 *New Rhetoricke.*

Good arguments without coyn, will not stick,
To pay, and not to say's best Rhetorick.

451 *Est mihi Diva parens.*

Owinus wondreth, since he came from Wales,
What the description of this Isle might be;
That ne're had seen but mountains, hills, and dales,
Yet would he boast, and stand on's pedegree.
From Rice ap Richard, sprung from Dick a Cow,
Be cod was right good gentle-man, look ye now?

452 *On Thirsites.*

Although Thirsites have a filthy facae,
And staring eyes, and little outward grace:
Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her selfe, is not more naturall.

453 *On Zoylus.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Termes of war,
Muskets should be the pleaders, Pikes the bar:
For black bags, Bandeleirs, Jackets for gownes,
Angels for fees; we'll take no more crack't crowns.

454 *On a swearing Gallant.*

What God cōmands, this wretched creature loathes,
He never names his Maker, but by oathes :

And

And weares his tongue of such a damned fashion,
That swearing is his only recreation.
In morning, even as soon as he doth rise,
He swears his sleep is scarcely out of eyes;
Then makes him ready, swearing all the while,
The drowzy weather did him much beguile,
Got ready, he, to dice or tables goes,
Swearing an oath, at every cast he throws;
To dinner next, and then in stead of Grace,
He swears his stomach is in hungry case.
No sooner din'd, but calls, come take away,
And swears 'tis late, he must goe see a Play.
There sits, and swears, to all he hears and sees,
This speech is good, that action disagrees.
So takes his Oares, and swears he must make haste,
His houre of Supper-time is almost past.

455 *On a long Beard.*

Thy Beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a shorter Beard, and longer wit.

456 *On my Selfe.*

Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himselfe offend;

He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when hee'l end.

457 *To the mis-interpreter.*

(mince,
Cease gaul'd backt guilt, those inscious lines to
The world wil know y'are rubd if once you wince
They hem within their seeming Critique wall,
Particularly none, generally all :
'Mongst which if you have chanc'd to catch a prick
Cry we-hy if you will, but do not kick.

458 *On a Mother and her son having but
two eyes betwixt them, each one.*

A half blind-boy, born of a half blind mother,
Peerlesse for beauty, save compar'd to th' other;
Faire boy, give her thine eye and she will prove
The Queen of beauty, thou the God of love.

459 *To his quill.*

Thou hast been wanton, therefore it is meet,
Thou shouldst do penance do it in a sheet.

460 *Of Christ crucified.*

When red the Sun goes down, we use to say
It is a signe, we shall have a faire day : (hence
Blood red the Sun of Heaven went down from
And we have had faire weather ever since.

461 *On himselfe.*

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis offence,
Some comend plain conceits, some profound sence
Some with a witty jest, some dislike that, (what
And most would have themselves they know not
Then he that would please all, and himselfe too,
Takes more in hand than he is like to doe.

462 *To young men.*

Yong men fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts,
The fixt marke gives your shooter aime,
And Ladyes lookes have power to maim,
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes
Wrapt in a kisse or smile love lyes,
Then fly berimes for onely they
Conquer love that run away.

463 *The pens prosopopeia to
the Scrivener.*

Thinke who when you cut the quill,
Wounded was yet did no ill;
When you mend me, thinke you must
Mend your selfe, else you're unjust
When you dip my nib in Inke,
Thinke on him that gall did drinke,
When the Inke sheds from your pen,
Thinke who shed his blood for men;
When you write, but thinke on this,
And you ne're shall write amisse.

464 *A raritie.*

If thou bee'st born to strange fights,
Things invisable to see:
Ride ten thousand dayes and nights,
Till age snow white haire on thee,
And thou when thou return'st wilt tell me;
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And thou 'lt sweare that no where
Lives a maiden true and faire:

465 Upon Tom Toltham's nose.

The radiant colour of Tom Toltham's nose,
Puts down the lilly and obscures the rose;
Had I a jewell of such pretious hew,
I would present it to some Monarch's view,
No subject should possesse such jems as those
Ergo, the King must have Tom Toltham's nose.

466 Upon Thorough-good an unthrifte.

Thy fir name *Thorough-good* besitterh thee,
Thou *Thorough-good*, and good goes thorough thee
Nor thou in good, nor good in thee doth stay,
Both of you, thorough goe, and passe away.

467 In Amorem.

Love, if a God thou art, then evermore thou must
Be mercifull and just,
If just thou be, O wherefore doth thy dart,
Wound mine alone, and not my Mistrisse heart?
If mercifull, then why am I to paine reserv'd,
Who have the truly serv'd?
Whiles she that for thy power cares not a fly,
Laughs thee to scorn, and lives at liberty:

Then

Wits Recreations.

Then if a God thou wilt accounted be
Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

468 A riddle on a pound of candles.

One evening as cold as cold might bee,
With frost and snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay close all in a bed together
Yet one after other they took a heat,
And dy'd that night all in a sweat.

469 On the new dressings.

Ladies that weare black cypresse vales,
Turn'd lately to white linnen rales,
And to your girdle weare your bands;
And shew your armes in stead of hands:
What can you do in Lent more meet,
As fittest dresse, than weare a sheet:
Twas once a band, tis now a cloake,
An acorne one day proves an oake,
Weare but your lawn unto your feet,
And then your band will prove a sheet:

Wits Retirements.

By which device and wise excess,
You do your penance in a dresse,
And none shall know, by what they see,
Which Lady's censur'd, which goes free.

469 *Thus answered:*

Blacke Cypresse vailles are shrouds of night,
White linnen railles are railles of light;
Which though we to our girdles weare,
W^e have hands to keepe your armes off there;
Who makes our bands to be a cloake,
Makes *John* a *Stiles* of *John* an *Oke*:
We weare our linnen to our feet,
Yet need not make our band a sheet.
Your Clergie wears as long as wee,
Yet that implies conformitie:
Be wise, recant what you have writ,
Least you do penance for your wit:
Love charmes have power to weave a string
Shall tye you, as you ty'd your ring,
Thus by loves sharpe, but just decree
You may be censur'd, we go free.

470 *Amicitia.*

What's friendship? 'tis a treasure,
'tis a pleasure:

Bred

Wits Recreations.

Bred'twixt two worthy spirits,
by their merits:
'Tis two minds in one, meeting
never fleeing:
Two wils in one consenting,
each contenting,
One brest in two divided, yet not parted;
A double body, and yet single hearted;
Two bodies making one, through self election,
Two minds, yet having both but one affection.

471 *To his Mistrisse.*

I cannot pray you in a studied stile,
Nor speak words distant from my heart a mile;
I cannot visit Hide-parke every day,
And with a hackney court my time away;
I cannot spanniolize it weeke by weeke,
Or waite a moneth to kisse your hand or cheek;
If when you'r lov'd you cannot love againe,
Why doe but say so, I am out of paine.

472 *On the Queene of Bohemia.*

You meaner Beauties of the night,
Which poorely satisfie our eyes;

More

Wits Recreations.

More by your number then your light;
The common people of the skies:

What are ye when the moon shall rise?
You violets that first appeare,
By your purple mantle known;
Like proud virgins of the yeere,
As if the Spring were all your own;

What are you when the rose is blown?
You wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with natures layes:
Thinking your passions understood,
By weak accents, where's your praise,

When *Philomell* her voyce shall raise:
So when my Princeesse shall be seen,
In sweetnes of her lookes and mind:
By vertues first, then choyce a Queen,
Tell me, was she not design'd,
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

473 *To his noble friend*

There's no necessary that can exclude
The poorest being from a gratitude;
For when the strength of fortune lends no more,
He that is truly thankfull is not poore,

Yours

Yours be the bounty then, mine the great debt,
On which no time, nor power can ransom set.

474 *Fatum Supremum.*

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes but winding sheets for our last knell,
All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious musique, but our passing bell;
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but deaths livery.

475 *On his Mrs. death*

Unjustly we complain of fate,
For short'ning our unhappy dayes,
When death doth nothing but translate
And print us in a better phrase;
Yet who can choose but weep? not I,
That beautie of such excellence,
And more vertue then could dy;
By deaths rude hand is ravish'd hence,
Sleepe blest creature in thine Urne,
My sighes, my teares shall not awake thee,
I but stay untill my turne
And then, Oh then! I'll overtake thee.

Wits Recreations.

476 *Æque facilitas ac difficultas nocet amoris.*

I love not her that at the first cries I,
I love not her that doth me still deny,
Be she too hard shee'll cause me to despaire,
Be she too easie, shee's as light as faire;
'Tis hard to say whether most hurt procure,
She that is hard or easie to allure,
If it be so, then lay me by my side
The hard, soft, willing and unwilling bride.

477 *In monumenta Westmisteriensia.*

Mortality behold and feare,
What a change of flesh is here;
Thinke how many royall bones,
Sleep within this heap of stones,
Here they ly, had realmes and lands;
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their Pulpits, seel'd with dust,
They preach, In greatnes is no trust;
Here's an acre sown indeed,
With the richest royal seed,
That the earth did e're suck in
Since the first man dy'd for sin,
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:

Here

Wits Recreations.

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Drop'd from the ruin'd sides of Kings;
Here's a world of pompe and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

478 *Semel in saivimus.*

Beldam, God blesse thee, thou want'st nought but
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it, (wit
Bridewell, I cannot any way dispraise thee
For thou dost feed the poore and jerke the lazie.
New-gate, of thee I cannot much complaine;
For once a moneth, thou freest men out of paine,
But from the Counters gracious Lord defend us:
To Bedlam, Bridewell, or to Newgate send us,
For there in time wit, worke, or law sets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

479 *On the Marriage of one Turbolt,
with Mrs. Hill.*

What are *Deucalions* dayes return'd that we,
A *Turbolt* swimming on a *Hill* do see?
What shall we in this age so strange report,
That fishes leave the sea on hills to sport?
And yet this *hill*, though never tir'd with standing
Lay gently down to give a *Turbolt* landing.

Wits Recreations.

480 *Upon Annas marriage with a lawyer.*

Anne is an angell, what if so shee be?
What is a angell? but a lawyers fee.

481 *In Cupidinem.*

Who graftes in blindnes may mistake his stock,
Love hath no tree, but that whose bark is smock.

482 *Enigma.*

The Devill men say in Devonshire dy'd of late,
But Devonshire lately liv'd in rich estate,
Till Rich his toyes did Devonshire so bewitch,
As Devonshire dy'd and left the Devill rich.

483 *On Cupid.*

Why feign they *Cupid* robbed of sight;
Can he whose seat is in the eye, want light?

484 *An answer.*

Experience shews, and reason doth decree
That he who sits in's owne light cannot see.

485 *Barten Holiday to the Puritan
on his Technogamia.*

'Tis not my person, nor my play,
But my surname, *Holiday*,
That does offend thee, thy complaints
Are not against me, but the Saints;
So ill dost thou endure my name,
Because the Church doth like the same,
A name more awfull to the puritane
Then *Talkot* unto France, or *Drake* to Spaine.

486 *On a Picture.*

This face here pictur'd time shall longer have,
Then life the substance of it, or the grave,
Yet as I change from this by death I know,
I shall like death, the liker death I grow.

487 *In Meretrices.*

The law hangs thieves for their unlawfull stealing,
The law carts bawds for keeping of the doore,
The law doth punish rogues, for roguish dealing,
The law whips both the pander and the whore;
But yet I muse from whence this law is grown;
Whores must not steal, yet must not use their own.

487 On the Citty Venice.

When in the Adriatick Neptune saw
How Venice stood, and gave the seas their law,
Boast thy Tarpeian towers, now Jove said he,
And Mars' thy wals, if Tiber 'fore the sea
Thou dost prefer, view both the cities odds,
Thou'lt say, that men built Rome, Venice, the gods.

488 To a Lady that every morning
used to paint her face.

Preserve what nature gave you, nought's more
Then Belgian colour on a Roman face, (babe,
Much good time's lost, you rest your faces debtor,
And make it worse, striving to make it better.

489 On a Cuckold.

My friend did tax me seriously one morne,
That I would weare, yet could not winde a horne
And I reply'd he perfect truth should find it,
Many did weare the horn that could not wind it,
Howe're of all that man may weare it best,
Who makes claime to it as his ancient crest.

490 Upon Marriage.

Marriage as old men note, hath likened bin
Unto a publique feast or common rout,
Where those that are without, would faine get in,
And those that are within would faine get out.

491 Quicquid non nummus.

The mony'd man can safely saile all seas,
And make his fortune as himselfe shall please,
He can wed *Danaë*, and command that now
Acrisius selfe that fatall match allow:
He can declaine, chide, censure verses, write,
And do all things better then *Cato* might;
He knows the Law and rules it, hath and is
Whole *Servius*, and what *Labeo* can possesse,
In brieft let rich men with what e're they love,
'Twill come, they in a lock'd chest keep a Jove.

492 On Annas a news-monger.

Annas hath long eares for all news to passe:
His eares must needs be long for hee's an asse.

494 *Semel infamivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthlesse task,
 Whereto I trust there's no exception take,
 For meant to none, I answer such as ask,
 'Tis like apparell made in birchen lane,
 If any please to suit themselves and weare it,
 The blames not mine but theirs that needs will
 weare it.

495 *To Aulus.*

Some (speaking in their own renown)
 Say that this book, was not exactly done;
 I care not much, like banquets, let my bookes
 Rather be pleasing to the guests then cooks.

496 *Ad fescupedales postastros.*

Hence *Brauron's* God to *Tauriminion*,
 And you *Levaltoring* *Corybants* be gone;
 Fly thundring *Bronstrops* to *Hippocrene*,
 And *Mauros* to nimph nursing *Mytelene*;
 Grisly *Magera's* necromantique spell
 Depart to blacke nights *Acheronticke* cell:
 Avaunt transformed *Epidarian*,
 Unto th' *Antipod* *Isles* of *Tabraban*,

Away *Cyllenius* plummy-pinnion'd God,
 With thy peace making wand, snake charming rod
 And all the rest not daring looke upon
Uranus' blood-borne brood, and fell *Typhon*
Chimera's victor great *Beliepheron*,
 Thou vanquisher of Spanish *Geryon*,
 Stout *Asdruball* Sicilian Lord of yore,
 Thou that destroy'dst the *Calidonian* bore;
 Couragious conqueror of *Crete's* *Minotaure*,
 Thou pride of *Mermers'* cloudy *Semitaure*.
Perseus whose marble stone transforming shield,
 Enforc'd the whale, *Andromeda* to yeeld,
 You *Argonautes* that scour'd *Syndonmades*,
 And pass't the quicke sands of *Semplegades*,
 Helpe *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos *Lucina* at *Litigiums* birth,
 The world with child looks for delivery
 Of Carnibals or *Poetophagie*,
 A devillish brood, from *Erichthosius*,
 From *Iphidemia*, *Nox*, and *Erebus*,
 Chide *Pegasus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
 And Poets damn to *Pery-Phlegeton*,
 Or make this monstrous birth abortive be:
 Or else I will shake hands with poetic.

497 *A Serving man.*

One to a Serving man this counsell sent,
To get a Master that's intelligent;
Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would understand he's in his debt.

498 *Two Thieves.*

Two Thieves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the house awake; thus answer'd quick,
Why how now? what a stir you there do keep,
Goe home again, we are not yet asleep.

499 *A Phyfician and a Farrier.*

A neate Phyfician for a Farrier fends
To drefse his horfe, promifing him amends.
Nay (quoth the Farrier) amends is made,
For nothing do we take of our own trade.

500 *A poore Peafant.*

A poore man being fent for to the King,
Began to covet much a certaine thing
Before he went: being but an Iron naile,
His friend did afke him what it would avails?

Quoth

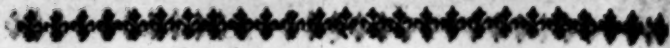
(Quoth he) this is as good as one of Steele,
For me to knock now into fortunes wheele.

501 *Three Pages.*

Three Pages on a time together met,
And made a motion, that each one would let
The other know what hee'd desire to be
Having his wish, thereto they did agree.
Quoth one, to be a Melon I would chuse,
For then I'm sure, none would refuse
To kisse my breech although the sent were hor,
And so they'd know whether I were good or not.

502 *A Gentleman and his Phisitian.*

A Gentleman not richest in discretion,
Was alwayes sending for his own phisition.
And on a time he needs would of him know,
What was the cause his pulse did go so slow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to passe,
Must needs go flow, which goes upon an aise.



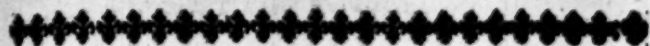
303 *A Peasant and his wife.*

A Peasant with his wife was almost wilde,
To understand his Daughter was with childe,
And said if to the girle sh'ad taken heed,
Sh'ad not been guilty of so foule a deed.
Husband (said she) I sweare by cock,
(Welfare a good old token)
The Dev'll him selfe can't keep that lock
Which every key can open.

304 *G-L-Affe.*

He that loves Glasse without a G,
Leave out L and that is hee.

Wits Recreations.



— Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.

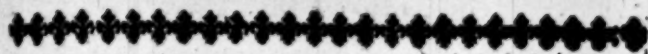
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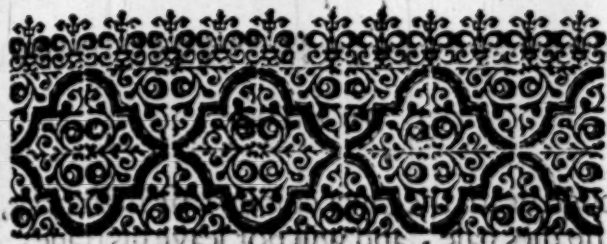
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He that loves Glasse without a G,
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Wits Recreations.



— Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt. —



EPITAPHS.

1. On a travelling begger.

Here lies a Vagrant person whom our lawes,
(Of late growne strict) denied passage, cause
Hee wandred thus, therefore returne he must,
From whence at first he hither came, to dust.

2. On a Mason.

So long the Mason wrought on other's walles,
That his owne house of clay to ruine fall'es:
No wonder spitefull death, wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death seekes to destroy.

Epitaphs.



3. On a Dyer.

Though death the Dyer colour-lesse hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;
But being dead, the meanes yet doth not lacke
To die his friends cloth in mourning blacke.
Some sure foresaw his death, for they of late
V's'd to exclaime upon his dying fate. (been,
And weake, and faint, he seem'd oft-times t'have
For to change colours, often he was seen;
Yet there no matter was so foule, but he
Would set a colour on it handsonlye.
Death him no unexpected stroke could give
That lea'rnt to dye, since he began to live.
He shall yet prove, what he before hath try'd,
And shall once more, live after he hath dy'd.

4. Of a Schoolemaster.

The gramer Schoole a long time taught I have,
Yet all my skill could not decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be shew'ne
In no case save the Ablative alone.

Epitaphs.

5. On William Shake-speare.

Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye
A little neerer Spencer, to make roome (tombe
For Shake-speare in your threefold, fourfold
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift
Vnill Doomes day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that by Fates be slaine,
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.
If your precedencie in death doe barre
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulchre;
Vnder this sacred marble of thine owne,
Sleepe rare Tragædian Shake-speare! sleep alone.
Thy unmolested peace in an unshared cave
Possesse as Lord, not tenant of thy grave.
That unto us, and others it may bee
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

6. On a youth.

Now thou hast Heaven for merit, but 'tis strange
Mortality should onie at thy change:
But God thought us unfit, for such as thee,
And made thee consort of eternitie.

Epitaph

We grieve not then, that thou to heaven art take
But that thou hast thy friends so soone forsaken.

7. On Prince Henry.

I have no veine in verse, but if I could,
Distill on every word a pearle I would.
Our sorrowes pearles drop not from pens, but
Whilst other's Muse write, mine onely cries.

8. On a Foot boy that dyed with overmuch running.

Base tyrant death thus to assaile one tyr'd
Who scarce his latest breath beeing left expired,
And being too too cruell thus to stay
So swift a course, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be sure it was not death
That left behind thy body out of breath :
Thy soule and body running in a race,
Thy soule held out ; thy body tyr'd apace,
Thy soule gained, and left that lump of clay
To rest it selfe, untill the latter day.

Epitaphs.

9. On Hobson the Carrier: 1

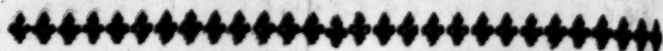
Hobson (what's out of sight is out of mind) is
Is gone, and left his letters here behind.
He that with so much paper us'd to meet;
Is now, alas! content to take one sheet.

10. Another.
He that such carriage store, was wont to have,
Is carried now himselfe unto his grave:
O strange! he that in life he made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

11. Another.
Here Hobson lyes, prest with a heavy load,
Who now is gone the old and common Road;
The waggon he so lov'd, so lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on, whilst that he dy'd.

12. Another.
Hobson's not dead, but Charles the Northerne
Hath sent for him, to draw his lightsome waine.

Epitaphs



13. On a Treacherous Warrener.

Behold here lyes a scalded pate quite bare,
In catching conits; who lost many a hare.

14. On a faire Damofell.

(must be,
Life is the Road to death, & death Heavens gate
Heaven is the throne of Christ, & Christ is life to

15. On a Foot-man.

This nimble foot-man ran away from death,
And here he rested being out of breath;
Here death him overtooke, made him his slave
And sent him on an errand to his grave.

16. On Queene Anne, who dyed in March,
was kept all April, and buried in May.

March with his wines hath stricke a Cedar tall,
And weeping April mournes the Cedar's fall;
And May inces her month no flow'rs shall bring
Since she must lose, the flow'r of all the Spring.

Epitaphs.

Thy March his winds have caused April flow'rs
And yet sad May must lose his flow'r of flow'rs.

17. *Justus Lipsius.*

Some have high mountaines of Parian stone,
And some in brasce carve their inscription,
Some have their tombes of costly marble rear'd
But in our teares, onely art thou interr'd.

18. *On a child of two years old, being borne
and dying in July.*

Here is laid a July-flow'r
With surviving teares bedew'd
Not despairing of that home
When her spring shall be renew'd;
Ere she had her Summer scorne,
Shee was gather'd, fresh and green.

19. *Another.*

Like bird of prey,
Death snatcht away.

Epitaphs.

+++++
The reason why he will not knocke;
Is, 'cause he meane's to picke the locke.

23. On a Collier.

Here lies the Collier Jenkin Dashes,
By whom death nothing gain'd he swore,
For living he was dust and ashes:
And being dead, he is no more.

24. On Dick Pinner.

Here lyes Dick Pinner, O ungentle death!
Why did'st thou rob Dick Pinner of his breath?
For living, he by scraping of a pin
Made better dust, then thou hast made of him.

25. On M. Thomas Best.

With happie stars he Yure is blest,
Where s'ere he goes, that still is Best.

26. On Robyn.

Round Robyn's gone, & this grave doth inclose
The pudding of his doublet and his hose.

27 On

Epitaphs.



27. On Proud Tygeras.

Proud and foolish, so it came to passe,
He liu'd a Tyger, and he dy'd and Assc.

28. On John Cofferer.

Here lyes *John Cofferer*, and takes his rest,
Now he hath chang'd a coffer for a chest.

**29. On blind and deafe Dicke
Freeman.**

Here lyes *Dicke Freeman*
That could not heare, nor see man.

30. On a Miller.

Death without warning, was as bold as brieft,
When he kill'd two in ones Miller & Thiefe.

Epitaphs.

31. On a disagreeing couple.

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille
 Didd & sold with his wife,
Cum illo jacet illa, qua communis in villâ
 did quittance his life.
 His name was *Nicke*, the which was sicke,
 And that very *malè*,
 Her name was *Nan*, who lou'd well a man,
 So gentlemen *vale*.

32. On a Sack-sucker.

Good reader bleste thee, be assur'd,
 The spirit of Sack lyes here immur'd:
 Who havock'd all he could come by
 For Sack, and here quite sack'd doth lye.

33. On a Lady.

Here lyes one dead under this marblo stone,
 Who when she liv'd, lay under more than one.

34. On

Epitaphs.



34. On a Wrestler. 18

Death to this Wrestler, gave a fine fall;
That tript up his heeles, and tooke no hold at all.

35. On John Death.

Here's Death interred, that liv'd by bread,
Then all should live, now death is dead.

36. On a Scribe. 22

Here to a period, is the Scribe ever come;
This is the last sheet, his full point this tombe.
Of all aspersions I excuse him not,
'Tis knowne he liv'd not without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example shew'd to any,
But rather gave good coppies unto many:
He in good letters alwaies hath beene bred
And hath writ more, then many men have read.
He rulers had as his command by law, (draw.
And though he could not hang, yet he could
He far more bond men had & made than any,
A dash alone of his pen ruin'd many.

Epitaphs.

That not without good reason, we might call
His letters great or little Capitall :
Yet is the Scriveners fate as sure as just,
When he hath all done, then he falls to dust.

37. On a Chandler.

(hee
How might his dayes end that made weekes ? or
That could make light, here laid in darkenes bee?
Yet since his weekes were spent how could he
But be depriv'd of light & his trade lose. (chose
Yet dead the Chandler is, and sleep's in peace,
No wonder ! long since melted was his greace :
It seemes that he did evill, for daylight
He hated, and did rather wish the night,
Yet came his workes to light, & were like gold
Prou'd in the fire, but could not tryall hold.
His candle had an end, and death's black night
Is an extinguisher of all his light.

38. On a young gentle-woman.

Nature in this small volume was about
To perfect what in women was left out ;

Yet

Yet carefull least a price so well begun,
Should want preservatives when she had done;
E're she could finish, what she undertooke,
Threw dust upon it, and shut up the booke.

39. On an Infant.

The reeling world turn'd poet, made a play,
I came to see't, dislik't it, went my way.

40. On a Lady dying quickly after her husband.

He first deceas'd, she a little try'd
To live without him, liked not, and dy'd.

41. On a Smith.

Farewell stout Iron-side, not all thine art
Could make a shield against death's envious dart.
Without a fault no man, his life doth passe,
For to his vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft, (as choller is increas't by fire)
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.
He had so long bin us'd to forge, that he
Was

Epitaphs.

Was with a blacke coale markt for forgery
But he got witnesse needed not to care,
Who but a blacke-smith was, though nere so
And oportunities he slackt not
That knew to strike, then when the ir'n was hot
As the doore-nailes he made, hee's now as dead,
He them, & death him, hath knockt on the head.

42. On M^r. Stone.

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfill'd in mee,
For here a stone upon a stone you see.

43. On a Child.

Into this world as stranger to an Inne (beene
This child came guest-wife, where when it had
A while and found nought worthy of his stay,
He onely broke his fast & went away.

44. On a man drown'd in the snow.

Within a flooe of silent waters drown'd;
Before my death was knowie a grave I found.

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Epitaphs.

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When he kill'd two in ones *Miller & Thiefe.*

Epitaphs.

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Hic jacet ille, qui contempsit mille
 Did scold with his wife,
Cum illo jacet illa, qua communis in villa
 did quittance his life;
 His name was Nicks, the which was ficke,
 And that very male,
 Her name was Nicks, who lou'd well a man,
 So gentlemen vale.

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He onely broke his fast & went away.

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Within a fleece of silent waters drown'd,
Before my death was knowne a grave I found.

The

Epitaphs.

That which exil'd my life from her sweet home,
For griefe straight froz it selfe into a tombe;
One element my angry fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tombe, & winding-sheet,
Phobus himselfe mine Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many e're he thought one fit;
He wrote untill my grave, and tombe were gone,
And twas an Epitaph that I had none;
For every one that passed by that way,
Without a sculpture read that there I lay;
Here now the second time untomb'd I lye,
And thus much have the best of *Destinie*:
Corruption from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave but did not feede on mee:
My first grave tooke me from the face of men,
My last shall give me backe to life agen.

45. On Prince Henry.

In natur's law tis a plaine case to dye,
No cunning Lawyer can demurre on that;
For cruel death and destiny,
Serve all men with a Latitat.

So Princely *Henry*; when his case was try'd,
Confess'd the action, paid the debt, and dy'd.

Epitaphs.



49. On Brawnne.

Here Brawnne the quondam begger lyes,
Who counted by his tale,
Full sixscore winters in his life;
Such vertue is in ale,
Ale was his meate, ale was his drinke,
Ale did him long reprove,
And could he still have drunke his ale,
He had beene still alive.

50. On a lyar.

Good passenger! here lyes one here,
That living did lie every where.

51. On a Dyer.

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he ly'd to th' world did dye.

52. On a Candle.

Here lyes (I wot) a little star
That did belong to Jupiter,

Which

Epitaphs.

Which from him Prometheus stole
And with it a fire-coale.
Or this is that I meane to handle,
Here doth lie a farthing-candle
That was lov'd well, having it's light,
But losing that, now bids good-night.

53. *Another.*

Here lyes the chandlers chiefeft say
Here lyes the scholler's pale-fac'd boy,
Having nought else but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deepe consumption.

54. *On M. R.*

Who sooneft dyes lives long enough,
Our life is but a blaft or puffe.
I did resist and strive with death
But foone he put me out of breath ;
He of my life thought to bereave me
But I did yeeld onely to breathe me.
O're him I shall in triumph sing,
Thy conquest grave, where is thy sting ?

Epitaphs.

55. *On an Inne-keeper.*

It is not I that dye, I doe but leave an Inne, (sin;
Where harbour'd was with me all filthy kind of
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in. (my kin
Why weepe you then my friends, my parents &
Lament ye whē I lose, but weep not when I win

56. *On Hobson the Carrier.*

Whom seeke ye sirs? Old Hobson? fye upon
Your tardinesse, the carrier is gone.
Why stare you so? nay you deserve to faile,
Alas here's naught, but his old rotten maile.
He went a good-while since, no question store
Are glad, who vext he would not goe before:
And some are grieu'd hee's gone so soone away;
The Lord knowes why he did no longer stay.
How could he please you all? I'm sure of this;
He linger'd soundly howsoe're you misse.
But gone he is, nor was he surely well
At his departure as mischance befell,
For he is gone in such unwonted kinde
As ne're before, his goods all left behinde.

Epitaphs.



57. On Bolus.

If gentlenesse could tame the fates, or wit
Delude them, Bolus had not dyed yet;
But one that death o're rules in judgement sirs,
And saies out sins are stronger than our witts.

58. On Tugger.

Death came to see thy trickes and cut in twaine
Thy thread, why did'st not make it whole againe

59. On a Child.

A child and dead? alas! how could it come?
Surely thy thread of life was but a thumme.

60. On a Clowne.

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our Corydon
Who through care to save his sheepe
Watcht too much, oh let him sleepe!

60. On Queene Anne.

Thee to invite the great God sent his star,
Whose friends & kinsmen mightie Princes are

Epitaphs.

For though they run the race of men and dye,
Death serves but to refine their majesty.
So did the Queen from hence her court remove,
And left the earth to be enthron'd at ove. (dyes
Thus is she chang'd not dead, no good Prince
But like the day-star, onely sets to rise.

62. On Sir Horatio Palavozeene.

Here lyes Sir Horatio Palavozeene,
Who robb'd the Pope to pay the Queene,
And was a theife. A theife? thou ly'st:
For why, he robb'd but Antichrist. (Babram,
Him death with his besome sweep from
Into the bosome of old *Abraham*:
But then came Hercules with his club,
And struck him downe to Belzebub.

63. On an onely child.

Here lyes the fathers hope, the mothers joy,
Though they seeme haplesse, happy was the boy
Who of this life, the long and tedious race,
Hath travell'd out in lesse then 2 moneth's space;
Oh

Epitaphs.



Oh happie soule to whom such grace was given,
To make so short a voyage backe to heaven,
As here a name & christendome t'obtaine
And to his maker then retorne againe.

64. Another.

As carefull nurses on their beds doe lay, (play:
Their babes which would too long the wantons
So to prevent my youth's ensuing crimes
Nature my nurse laid me to bed betimes.

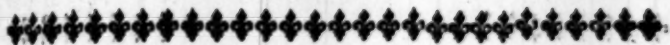
65. On a Musitian.

Be not offended at our sad complaint,
You quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint:
Where all perfection met in skill and voice,
We mourne our losse, but yet commend your
(choyce.

66. On Prince Henry.

Did he dye young? oh no, it could not be,
For I know few, that liv'd so long as he.

Epitaphs.



70. On Edmund Spencer, poet laureat.

He was, and is (see then where lyes the odds)
Once god of Poets, Poet now to th' gods,
And though his time of life, be gone about,
The life of his lines never shall weare out.

*71. On Taylour a Sergeant, kill'd by
a Horse.*

A Taylour is a thiefe, a Sergeant is worse
Who here lyes dead, god-a-mercy horse.

*71. On Sir Francis Drake,
drowned.*

(same
Where Drake first found, there last he lost his
And for his tombe left nothing but his name.
His body's buried under some great wave,
The sea that was his glory, is his grave.
Of him no man, true Epitaph can make,
For who can say, here lies Sir Francis Drake?

Epitaphs.



73. On a Drunkard.

Byhax the drunkard, while he liv'd would say,
The more I drinke the more me think's I may:
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
For he hath drunke himselfe as dry as dust.

74. On a Child.

Tread softly passenger ! for here doth lye
A dainty Jewell of sweet infancy
A harmelesse babe, that longely came & cry'd
In baptisme to bee washt from sin and dy'd.

75. Another.

In this marble-casket lyes
A matchlesse jewell of rich prize
Whom nature in the worlds disdaine
But shew'd and put it up againe,

76. On Master Stone.

Here worthy of a better cheft,
A precious stone inclos'd doth rest
Whom

Epitaphs.

Whom nature had so rarely wrought
That Pallas it admir'd and thought,
No greater jewell, than to weare
Still such a diamond in her eare:
But sicknesse did it from her wring,
And placed it in Libitina's ring,
Who changed natures worke a new
And death's pale image, in it drew.
Pitty that paine had not been sav'd,
So good a stone to be engrav'd.

77. On Master Aire.

Under this stone of marble fayre
Lyes th'body 'ntomb'd of Gervase Aire.
Hedy'd not of an ague fitt
Nor surfett'd of too much witt,
Methinks this was a wond'rous death,
That Aire should dye for want of breath.

78. On a young man.

Surpriz'd by griefe and sicknesse here I lye,
Slept in my middle age and soone made dead,

Yet

Epitaphs.



Yet doe not grudge at God, if soone thou dye,
But know hee'trebles favours on thy head.
Who for thy morning worke, equal's thy pay,
With those that have endur'd the heate of day

79. On Master Sand's.

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans trust,
When our names doe change by death;
Sands I was and now am dust.

80. On a Scholler.

Some doe for anguish weepe, for anger I,
That ignorance should live, and arte should dye.

81. On Master Goad.

Go adde this verse, to Goad's herse,
For Goad is gone, but whither?
Goad himselfe, is gone to God
'Twas death's goad drove him thither.

Epitaphs.



82. On Master Munday.

Hallowed be the Sabboath;
And farewell all worldly pelfe;
The weeke begins on Tuesday,
For Munday hath hang'd himselfe.

*83. On the two Littletons who were drowned
at Oxford. 1636.*

Herelye wee (reader canst thou not admire?)
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire,
For whilst our bodies perisht in the deepe,
Our soules in love burnt, so we fell asleepe:
Let this be then our Epitaph, here lyes
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

84. On a Matron.

Here lyes a wife was chaste, a mother blest,
A modest Matron, all these in one chest:
Sarah unto her mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whilst here she had abode.

Epitaphs.



85. In Latine thus.

*Vxor casta, parens fœlix, matrona pudica,
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.*

86. On a Butler.

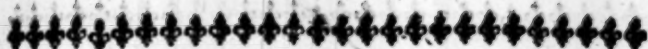
That death should thus from hence our Butler
Into my minde it cannot quickly sinke, (catch
Sure death came thirsty to the butt'ry-hatch
When he (that buisy'd was) deny'd him drinke.

Tut 'twas not so, 'tis like he gave him liquor
And death made drunke, him made away the
Yet let not others grieve to much in mind (quicker
(The Butlers gone) the key's are left behind.

87. On a Souldier.

When I was young in warres I shed my blood
Both for my King and for my countries good;
In elder yeares, my care was chiefe to be
Souldier to him that shed his blood for me.

Epitaphs.



88. On a Tobacconist.

Loe here I lye, roll'd up like th' Indian weede
My pipes I have pack't up, for breath I neede.
Man's breath's a vopour, he himselfe is grasse
My breath, but of a weede, the vapour was.
When I shal turne to earth, good friends! beware
Least it evap'rate and infect the ayre.

94. On Master Thomas Allen.

No Epitaphs neede make the just man fam'd,
The good are prays'd, when they are only nam'd

89. On Master Cooke.

To God, his country, and the poore, he had
A zealous Soule, free heart, and lib'rall minde.
His wife, his children, and his kindred sad
Lacke of his love, his care, and kindnesse finde:
Yet are their sorrowes all wag'd wth the thought
He hath attayn'd the happinesse he sought.

Epitaphs.



90. *On a Printer whose wife was lame.*

Sleep William! sleep, she that thine eyes did close
Makes lame *Iambiques* for thee, as shee goes.

91. *On a Taylour who dy'd of the stitch.*

Here lyes a Taylour in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the stitch.

92. *On a dumbe fellow dying of the collicke.*

Here lyes *Iohn Dumbello*,
Who dy'd because he was so
For if his breech could have spoke,
His heart surely had not broke.

92. *On Isabella a Curtizan.*

He who would write an Epitaph
Whereby to make faire Is'bell laugh,
Must get upon her, and write well
Here underneath lyes Isabell.

94. *On*

Epitaphs.

94. On a vertuous wife, viz. *Susanna*
wife to M^r. William Horsnell.

In briebe, to speake thy praise let this suffice,
 Thou wert a wife, most loving, modest, wise,
 Of children carefull, to thy neighbour's
 A worthy mistris and of liberall mind, (kind,

95. On *M^r. Christopher Lawson.*

Death did not kill unjustly this good-man,
 But death in death by death did shew his power,
 His pious deedes & thoughts to heaven fore-ran;
 There to prepare his soule a blessed bower.

96. On *Hobson the Carrier.*

Here Hobson lyes amongst his many betters,
 A man unlearned, yet a man of letters,
 His carriage was well knowne, oft hath he gone
 In Embassye 'twixt father and the sonne; (ken
 There's few in Cambridge, to his praise be it spo-
 But may remember him, by some good token:
 From whence he rid to London day by day,
 Till death benighting him, he lost his way,

Epitaphs.

His teame was of the best, nor would he have
 Bence mi'd in any way, but in the grave.
 Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gone,
 Since all men knew, he long was drawing on.
 Thus rest in peace thou everlasting swaine
 And supream waggoner, next Charles his
 (wayne)

(kind)

97. On a Welshman.

Here lyes puried under these stones
 Shon ap Williams ap Ienkyn ap Iones,
 Her was borne in Wales, her was kill'd in France
 Her went to Cott py a fey mischance,

Laycanow

98. On M. Pricke.

Vpon the fith day of November
 Christ's Colledge lost a privity member.
 Cupid and death did both their arrowes micke,
 Cupid shot shon, but death did hit the pricke.
 Women lament and maidons make great moane
 Because the Pricke is had beneath the stones.

99. On a Porter.

At length by worke of wond'rous fate
 Here lyes the porter of Wyndchester-gate

His

C

If

Epitaphs.

If gone to heav'n, as much I feare,
He can be but a porter there:
He fear'd not hell so much for's firme,
As for th' great rapping and oft coming in.

100. *On M. Carter, burnt by the great powder-
mischance in Finsbury.*

Here lyes an honest Carter (yet no clowne)
Vnladen of his cares, his end the crowne,
Vanisht from hence even in a cloud of smoake,
Ablowne-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

101. *On a Lady dying in Child-bed,*

Borne at the first to bring another forth, (worth
Shee leaves the world, to leave the world her
Thus Phoenix-like, as she was borne to bleede
Dying herselfe, renew's it in her seede.

102. *On Prince Henry.*

Let where he shineth yonder
A fixed starre in heaven,
Whole motions thence, comes under
None of the Planets seven:

Epitaphs.

105. *On Doctor Hacker's wife.*

Drop mournful eyes your pearly-trick'ling teares
Flow streames of sadnesse, drowne the spangled
Fall like the tumbling cataracts of Nile, (spheares
Make deafe the world with cries; let not a smile
Appeare, let not an eye be seene to sleepe
Nor slumber, onely let them serve to weepe
Her deare lamented death, who in her life
Was a religious, loyall, loving wife,
Of children tender to an husband kinde
Th'undoubted symptoms of a vertuous minde
Which mak's her glorious, bove the highest pole,
Where Angels sing sweet Requiems to her soule
Shee liv'd a none-such, did a non-such dye
Neere Non-such here her corpes interred lye.

107. *On Waddham Colledge-Batler.*

Man's life is like a new turn'd caskethoy say,
The fore-most draught is most times cast away,
Such are our younger yeares, the following full,
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our man-hood, untill age at length,
Doth sowre it's sweetnes, & doth stop it's strength
Then death prescribing to each thing, it's bound
Takes what is left, and turnes it all to ground.

Epitaphs.

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The fore-most draught is most times cast away,
Such are our younger yeares, the following full,
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our man-hood, untill age at length,
Doth sowre it's sweetnes, & doth stop it's breath,
Then death prescribing to each thing it's bound,
Takes what is left, and turnes it all to ground.

Epitaphs.



107. On a Horse.

Here lyes a Horse, who dyed but
To make his master goe on foot.
A miracle should it be so
The dead to make the lame to goe;
Yet fate would have it, that the same
Should make him goe, that made him lame.

108. On Aratyn.

Here biting Aratyn lyes buried,
With gall more bitter never man was fed.
The living, nor the dead to carpe he spard,
Nor yet for any King or Caesar car'd.
Onely on God to rayle he had forgot.
His answer was, indeed I know him not.

*109. On William Coale an Ale-house-keeper,
at Coaton neere Cambridge.*

Doth William Coale lye here? necessorth be staid.
Be strong, & laugh on us, thou Coaton ale!
Living indeed, he with his violent hand
Never left grasping thee, while he could stand.
But death at last, hath with his fiery flashes
Burnt up the Coale, and turn'd it into ashes.

Epitaphs.

110. *On one Andrew Leygh who was vext
with a shrewd wife, in his life-time,*

Here lyes Leygh, who vext with a shrewd wife
To gaine his quiet, parted with his life,
But see the spight, she, that had alwaies crost
Him living, dyes, & mean's to haunte his Ghost.
But she may tarry, for Andrew out of doubt
Will cause his brother Peter, shutt her out.

111. *On Richard Burbage a famous Actor.*

Exit Burbage.

112. *On an Infant unborne, the Mother
dying in travell.*

The Father digg'd a pit, and in it left
Part of himselfe inter'd, that soone bereft
The Mother of the gift, she gave, life; so
Both now are buried in one tombe of woe.
Tis strange the mother should a being give,
And not have liberty to make it live.
Twas strange, that the child blindfold esp'd
So quick and neere a way to parricide;
Yet both are justly question'd, child and Mother
Are guilty of the killing of each other.

Epitaphs.

Not with an ill intent, both did desire
 Preserves for life, and not a funerall fire; (best
 And yet they needs must dye, & 'twas thotight
 To keepe the infant in the mother's chest;
 It had both life and death from her, the wombe
 In which it was begot, became the tombe;
 There was some marble sav'd, because in her
 The wombe that bare it, was a sepulcher;
 Whose Epitaphs are these, - here lyes a child that
 Be free from all sins but originall. (shall
 Here lyes a pittied mother that did dye
 Onely to beare her poore child companie.

113. *In quendam.*

Stay mortall, stay, remove not from this tombe
 Before thou hast consider'd well thy dombe;
 My bow stands ready bent & could st it see
 Mine arrow's drawne to head, and aymes at thee;
 Prepare yet wandring ghost, take home this life
 The grave that next is op'ned, may be thine.

114. *On Sir Philip Sydney.*

Reader. Within this ground sir Philip Sydney lyes
 Nor is it fit that more,
 I should acquaint,
 Least superstition rise
 And men adore,
 A Lover, Scholler, Souldier, & a Saint. 115, 77.

Epitaphs.

115. *Vpon Iohn Crop, who dyed by
taking a vomit.*

Man's life's a game at tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune, by his wiser play;
Death play's against us, each disease and sore
Are blotts, if hit, the danger is the more
To lose the the game; but an old stander by
Bind's up the blotts, and cures the malady,
And so prolongs the game; John Crop was hee
Death in a rage did challenge for to see (drink's
His play, the dice are throwne, when first he
Cast's, makes a blott, death hits him with a Synke
He cast's againe, but all in vaine, for death
By th' after-game did winne the prize, his breath
What though his skill was good, his luck was bad
For never mortall man worse casting had,
But did not death play false, to winne from such
As he, no doubt he bare a man too much.

116. *On 2 Elizabeth*

King's, Queens, Men's, Virgin's eyes
See, where the Mirrour lyes.
In whom her friend's haue seene,
A Kings state in a Queene;
In whom her foes surway'd,
A man's heart in a Mayde:
Whom

Epitaphs.



*120. On M^r. Mychael Drayton buried in
Westminster, Ad marmor Tumuli.*

Doe pious Marble let thy Readers know
What they and what their children owe
To Drayton's sacred name, whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story
And a lasting monument of his glory,
And when thy ruines shall disclaime
To be the Treasury of his name:
His name, which cannot fade, shall bee
An everlasting monument to thee.

121. On a Falconer.

Death with her talons having seas'd this prey,
After a tedious flight truss'd him away.
We mark'd him here he fell, whence he shall rise,
At call, till then untruss'd here he lyes.

122. On a Cocke-masser.

Fare-well stout hott-spur, now the battails done
In which th' art foyl'd, & death hath over-come
Having

Epitaphs.

Having o're-matcht thy strength, & made thee
She quickly forc't thee on the pit to droop (stoop
From whence thou art not able, rise or stir :
For death is now become, thy vanquisher.

123. On a pious benefactour.

The poore, the world, the heavens, & the grave
His almes, his praise, his soule, and body have.

124. Vpon Hodge Pue's Father.

Oh cruell death that stopt the view;
Of Thom's parishioner good-man Pue,
Who lived alwaies in good order,
Vntill that death stopt his recorder,
Which was betwixt Easter and Penticost,
In the yeare of the great frost,
At New-market then was the King;
When as the bells did merrily ring;
The Minister preached the day before
Vnto his highnesse, and no more,
Returning home said prayers, and
Bried the man as I understand.

125. On M. Washington, page to the Prince.

Knew'st thou whose these ashes were;
Reader thou would'st weeping swear,

The

Epitaphs.

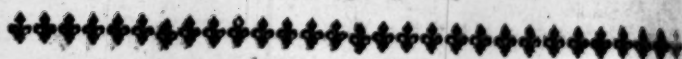
Should breath a golden veine, and ev'ry verse
Should draw Elixar from his fatall hearse.
No fitter subject where strong lines should meet
Than such a noble center; could the feet
Of able verse but trace his rectories,
They neede not feare o're strayn'd Hyperbole's,
Where all's transcendent, who out-parallel'd
Plutarch's selected Heroes; and is held
The tenth of Worthies, who hath over-acted
Great *Cæsar's* German comments, & contracted
His expeditions by preventing awe,
He often over-came before hee saw;
And (what of his great some Jove us'd to say)
Hee alwaies either found or made his way.
Such was his personall and single fight,
As if that death it selfe had ta'ne her flight
Ino brave Swedens scabbard, when he drew;
Death with that steele inevitably flew;
His campe a church, wherein the Gen'ral's life
Was the best Sermon, and the onely strife
Amongst his was to repeate it, bended knee
Was his prime posture, and his enemy
Found this most prævalent, his discipline
Impartiall and exact, it did out-shine
Those antique Martiall-Græcian, Roman lamps
From w^{ch} most of the worlds succeeding camps
Have

Epitaphs.

Have had their borrow'd light; this, this was hee
All this and more, yet even all this can dye.
Death surely ventur'd on the Swede to try
If heav'n were subject to mortality;
And shot his soule to heav'n, as if that mee
Could (if not kill) unthroned a diety
Bold death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another sense
That heav'n is said to suffer violence.
No yr'n chaine-shot, but 'tis the golden chaine
Of vertue and the Graces, are the maine
That doe unhinge the everlasting gates
All which like yoaked undivided mates, (chain'd
Were linck't in Sweden, where they were en-
Like Orthodoxall volumes nothing feign'd,
Though fairely bound his story is not dipt
In oyle, but in his owne true Manuscript.
It is enough to name him, surely wee
Have got that Roman's doating Lethargy
And may our names forget, if so we can
Forget the name of Sweden; renown'd man!
Thou hadst no sooner made the Worthies ten
But heav'n did claime the tenth; zealous that men
Would idolize thee, but their instrument.
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy Occiden.
Had longer dayes beene graunted by the fates,
Rome had heard this Hanniball at her gates

Fare-

Epitaphs.



Farewell thou Austrian scourge,
 thou moderne wonder,
 Strange raine hath followed
 thy last clap of thunder,
 A shower of teares
 and yet for ought we know,
 The Horne that's left
 may blow downe Jericho

FINIS.

Octob. 8. 1639. *Imprimatur*

Matth. Clay

OVTLANDISH
PROVERBS,
SELECTED



L O N D O N,
Printed by T. P. for Humphrey
Blunden; at the Castle in
Corn-hill. 1640.

PROVERBS



LONDON

Printed by J. W. Smith, 10, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.



Outlandish
PROVERBS.

1. **M**AN Proposeth, God disposeth.
2. Hee begins to die, that quits his desires.
3. A handfull of good life, is better then a bushell of learning.
4. He that studies his content, wants it.
5. Every day brings his bread with it.
6. Humble Hearts, have humble desires.
7. Hee that stumbles and falles not, mends his pace.
8. The House shewes the owner.
9. Hee that gets out of debt, growes rich.
10. All is well with him, who is beloved
- A 2
- ved

Outlandish Proverbs.



ved of his neighbours.

11. Building and marrying of Children, are great wasters.

12. A good bargaine is a pick-purse.

13. The scalded dog feares cold water.

14. Pleasing ware, is halfe sould.

15. Light burthens, long borne, growe heauie.

16. The Wolfe knowes, what the ill beast thinks.

17. Who hath none to still him, may weepe out his eyes.

18. When all sinnes growes old, couteousnesse is young.

19. If yee would know a knave, give him a staffe.

20. You cannot know wine by the barrell.

21. A coole mouth, and warme feet, liue long.

22. A Horse made, and a man to make.

23. Looke not for muske in a dogges kennell.

24. Not a long day, but a good heart rids worke.

25. Hee puls with a long rope, that waights for anothers death.

26. Great

Outlandish Proverbs.



26. Great strokes make not sweete musick.

27. A caske and an ill custome must be broken.

28. A fat house-keeper, makes leane Executors.

29. Empty Chambers, make foolish maides.

30. The gentle Hawke, halfe mans her selfe.

31. The Deyill is not alwaies at one doore.

32. When a friend askes, there is no, to morrow.

33. God sends cold, according to Cloathes.

34. One sound blow will serve to undo us all.

35. Hee looseth nothing, that looseth not God.

36. The Germans wit, is in his fingers.

37. At dinner my man appeares.

38. Who gives to all, denies all.

39. Quick beleevers neede broad shoul-
ders.

40. Who remove stones, bruise their fingers.

Outlandish Proverbs.



41. All came from, and will goe to others.

42. He that will take the bird, must not skare it.

43. He lives unsafely, that lookes too neere on things.

44. A gentle houswife, marres the household.

45. A crooked log makes a strait fire.

46. He hath great neede of a foole, that plaies the foole himselfe.

47. A Marchant that gaines not, loo-
seth.

48. Let not him that feares feathers,
come among wild-foule.

49. Love, and a Cough cannot be hid.

50. A Dwarie, on a Gyants shoulder,
sees further of the two.

51. Hee that sends a foole, means to
follow him.

52. Brabbling Curres never want sore
cares.

53. Better the feet slip then the tongue.

54. For washing his hands, none seles
his lands.

55. A Lyons skin is never cheape.

56. The goate must browse where she
is tyed.

57. Who

Outlandish Proverbs.

7



57. Who hath a Wolfe for his mate,
needes a Dog for his man.

58. In a good house all is quickly ready.

59. A bad dog never sees the Wolfe.

60. God oft hath a great share in a little house.

61. Ill ware is never cheape.

62. A cherefull looke, makes a dish a feast.

63. If all fooles had bables, wee should want fuell.

64. Vertue never growes old.

65. Evening words are not like to morning.

66. Were there no fooles, badd ware would not passe.

67. Never had ill workeman good tooles.

68. Hee stands not surely, that never slips.

69. Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters.

70. Every thing is of use to a houskeeper.

71. When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.

Outlandish Proverbs.



72. At Length the Fox turnes Monk.
73. Flies are busiest about leane horses.
74. Harken to reason or shee will bee heard.
75. The bird loves her nest.
76. Every thing new, is fine.
77. When a dog is a drowning, every one offers him drink.
78. Better a bare foote then none.
79. Who is so deafe, as he that will not heare.
80. He that is warme, thinkes all so.
81. At length the Fox is brought to the Furrier.
82. Hee that goes barefoot, must not plant thornes.
83. They that are booted are not alwaes ready.
84. He that will learne to pray, let him goe to Sea.
85. In spending, lies the advantage.
86. Hee that lives well is learned enough.
87. Ill vessells seldome miscarry.
88. A full belly neither fights nor flies well.
89. All truths are not to be told.
90. An

Outlandish Proverbs:



90. An old wise mans shaddow, is better then a young buzzards sword.

91. Noble houskeepers neede no dores.

92. Every ill man hath his ill day.

93. Sleepe without supping, and wake without owing

94. I gave the mouse a hole, and she is become my heire.

95. Assaile who will, the valiant attends.

96. Whether goest grieve ? where I am wont.

97. Praise day at night, and life at the end.

98. Whether shall the Oxe goe, where he shall not labour.

99. Where you thinke there is bacon, there is no Chimney.

100 Mend your cloathes, and you may hold out this yeare.

101. Presse a stick, and it seemes a youth.

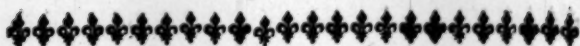
102. The tongue walkes where the teeth speede not.

103. A faire wife and a frontire Castle breede quarrels,

104. Leave jesting whiles it pleaseth, lest it turne to earnest.

105. De-

Outlandish Proverbs:



105. Deceive not thy Physitian, Confessor, nor Lawyer.

106. Ill natures, the more you aske them, the more they stick.

107. Vertue and a Trade are the best portion for Children.

108. The Chicken is the Countries, but the Citie eateth it.

109. He that gives thee a Capon, give him the leg and the wing.

110. Hee that lives ill, feare followes him.

111. Give a clowne your finger, and he will take your hand.

112. Good is to bee sought out, and e-vill attended.

113. A good pay-master starts not at assurances.

114. No Alchymy to saving.

115. To a grate full man give mony when he askes.

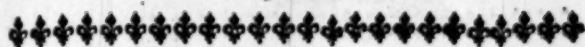
116. Who would doe ill ne're wants occasion.

117. To fine folkes a little ill finely wrapt.

118. A child correct behind and not before.

119. To

Outlandish Proverbs.



119. To a faire day open the window,
but make you ready as to a foule.

120. Keepe good men company, and
you shall be of the number.

121. No love to a Fathers.

122. The Mill gets by going.

123. To a boyling pot flies come not.

124. Make hast to an ill way that you
may get out of it.

125. A snow yeare, a rich yeare.

126. Better to be blinde, then to see ill.

127. Learne weeping, and thou shalt
laugh gayning.

128. Who hath no more bread then
neede, must not keepe a dog.

129. A garden must be lookt unto and
drest as the body.

130. The Fox, when hee cannot reach
the grapes, saies they are not ripe.

131. Water trotted is as good as oates.

132. Though the Mastiffe be gentle,
yet bite him not by the lippe.

133. Though a lie be well drest, it is
ever overcome.

134. Though old and wise, yet still ad-
vise.

135. Three helping one another, beare
the burthen of sixe.

136. Old

Outlandish Proverbs,



136. Old wine, and an old friend, are good provisions.

137. Happie is hee that chastens himselfe.

138. Well may hee smell fire, whose gowne burnes.

139. The wrongs of a Husband or Master are not reproached.

140. Welcome evill, if thou comest alone.

141. Love your neighbour, yet pull not downe your hedge.

142. The bit that one eates, no friend makes.

143. A drunkards purse is a bottle.

144. Shee spins well that breedes her children.

145. Good is the *mora* that makes all sure.

146. Play with a foole at home, and he will play with you in the market.

147. Every one stretcherh his legges according to his coverlet.

148. Autumnall Agues are long, or mortall.

149. Marry your sonne when you will; your daughter when you can.

150. Dally

Outlandish Proverbs.



150. Dally not with money or women.

151. Men speake of the faire, as things went with them there.

152. The best remedy against an ill man, is much ground betweene both.

143. The mill cannot grind with the water that's past.

154. Corne is cleaned with winde, and the soule with chastnings.

155. Good words are worth much, and cost little.

156. To buy deare is not bounty.

157. Jest not with the eye or with Religion.

158. The eye and Religion can beare no jesting.

159. Without favour none will know you, and with it you will not know your selfe.

160. Buy at a faire, but sell at home.

161. Cover your selfe with your shield, and care not for cries.

162. A wicked mans gift hath a touch of his master.

163. None is a foole alwaies, every one sometimes.

164. From a chollerick man withdraw

Outlandish Proverbs.



a little, from him that saies nothing, for ever.

165. Debtors are lyers.

166. Of all smells, bread : of all tastes, salt.

167. In a great River great fish are found, but take heede, lest you bee drowned.

168. Ever since we weare cloathes, we know not one another.

169. God heales, and the Physitian hath the thankes.

170. Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

171. Take heede of still waters, the quick passe away.

172. After the house is finisht, leave it.

173. Our owne actions are our security, not others judgements.

178. Thinke of ease, but worke on.

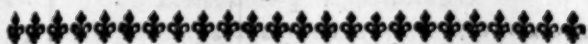
179. Hee that lies long a bed his estate feesles it.

180. Whether you boyle snow or pound it, you can have but water of it.

181. One stroke tells not an oke.

182. God complaines not, but doth what is fitting.

Outlandish Proverbs.



183. A diligent Sholler and the Master's paid.

184. Milke saies to wine, welcome friend.

185. They that know one another, salute a farre off.

186. Where there is no honour, there is no grieve.

187. Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

188. He that staies does the businesse.

189. Almes never make poore others.

190. Great almes-giving lessens no mans living.

191. Giving much to the poore, doth enrich a mans store.

192. It takes much from the account, to which his sin doth amount.

193. It adds to the glory both of soule and body.

194. Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.

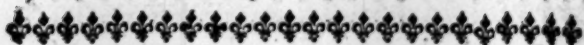
195. The Smith and his penny both are black.

196. Whose house is of glasse, must not throw stones at another.

197. If the old dog barke he gives count-
sell.

198. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



198. The tree that growes slowly,
keepe it selfe for another.

199. I wept when I was borne, and e-
very day shewes why.

200. Hee that lookes not before, finds
himselfe behind.

201. He that plaies his mony ought not
to value it.

202. He that riseth first, is first drest.

203. Diseases of the eye are to bee cured
with the elbow.

204. The hole calls the thiefe.

205. A gentlemans grayhound, and a
salt-box; seeke them at the fire.

206. A childs service is little, yet hee is
no little foole that despiseth it.

207. The river pass, and God forgot-
ten.

208. Evils have their comfort, good
none can support (to wit) with a moderate
and contented heart.

209. Who must account for himselfe
and others, must know both.

210. Hee that eats the hard shall eate
the ripe.

211. The miserable man makes a penny
of a farthing, and the liberall of a farthing
sixe pence.

212. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



212. The honey is sweet, but the Bee stings.

213. Waight and measure take away strife.

214. The sonne full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

215. Every path hath a puddle.

216. In good yeares corne is hay, in ill yeares straw is corne.

217. Send a wise man on an errand, and say nothing unto him.

218. In life you lov'd me not, in death you bewaile me.

219. Into a mouth shut, flies flie not.

220. The hearts letter is read in the eyes

221. The ill that comes out of our mouth talles into our bosome.

222. In great pedigrees there are Governours and Chandlers.

223. In the house of a Fidler, all fiddle.

224. Sometimes the best gaine is to lose.

225. Working and making a fire doth discretion require.

226. One graine fills not a sacke, but helpes his fellowes.

Outlandish Proverbs.



227. It is a great victory that comes without blood.

228. In war, hunting, and love, men for one pleasure a thousand griefes prove.

229. Reckon right, and February hath one and thirty daies.

230. Honour without profit is a ring on the finger.

231. Estate in two parishes is bread in two wallets.

232. Honour and profit lie not in one sacke.

233. A naughty child is better sick, then whole.

234. Truth and oyle are ever above.

235. He that riseth betimes hath some thing in his head.

236. Advise none to marry or to goe to warre.

237. To steale the Hog, and give the feet for almes.

238. The thorne comes forth with his point forwards.

239. One hand washeth another, and both the face.

240. The fault of the horse is put on the saddle.

241. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



241. The corne hides it self in the snow,
as an old man in furs.

242. The Jewes spend at Easter, the
Mores at marriages, the Christians in
sutes.

243. Fine dressing is a foule house swept
before the doores.

244. A woman and a glasse are ever in
danger.

245. An ill wound is cured, not an ill
name.

246. The wise hand doth not all that
the foolish mouth speakes.

247. On painting and fighting looke a-
loofe.

248. Knowledge is folly, except grace
guide it.

249. Punishment is lame, but it comes.

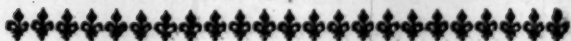
250. The more women looke in their
glasse, the lesse they looke to their
house.

251. A long tongue is a signe of a short
hand.

252. Marry a widdow before she leave
mourning.

253. The worst of law is, that one suit
breedes twenty.

Outlandish Proverbs.



254. Providence is better then a rent.

255. What your glasse telles you, will not be told by Councell.

256. There are more men threatned then stricken.

257. A foole knowes more in his house, then a wise man in anothers.

258. I had rather ride on an asse that carries me, then a horse that throwes me.

259. The hard gives more then he that hath nothing.

260. The beast that goes alwaies never wants blowes.

261. Good cheape is deare.

262. It costs more to doe ill then to doe well.

263. Good words quench more then a bucket of water.

264. An ill agreement is better then a good judgement.

265. There is more talke then trouble.

266. Better spare to have of thine own, then aske of other men.

267. Better good as farre off, then evill at hand.

268. Feare keepes the garden better, then the gardiner.

269. I

Ontlandish Proverbs.



269. I had rather aske of my fire browne bread, then borrow of my neighbour white.

270. Your pot broken seemes better then my whole one.

271. Let an ill man lie in thy straw, and he lookes to be thy heire.

272. By suppers more have beene killed then *Gallen* ever cured.

273. While the discreet advise the foole doth his busines.

274. A mountaine and a river are good neighbours.

275. Gossips are frogs, they drinke and talke.

276. Much spends the traveller, more then the abider.

277. Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

278. A well-bred youth neither speakes of himselfe, nor being spoken to is silent.

279. A journeying woman speakes much of all, and all of her.

280. The Fox knowes much, but more he that catcheth him.

281. Many friends in generall, one in speciall.

Outlandish Proverbs.



282. The foole askes much, but hee is more foole that grants it.

283. Many kisse the hand, they wish cut off.

284. Neither bribe nor loose thy right.

285. In the world who knowes not to swimme, goes to the bottome.

286. Chuse not an house neere an Inne, (viz. for noise) or in a corner (for filth.)

287. Hee is a foole that thinks not, that another thinks.

288. Neither eyes on letters, nor hands in coffers.

289. The Lyon is not so fierce as they paint him.

290. Goe not for every grieve to the Physitian, nor for every quarrell to the Lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.

291. Good service is a great inchantment.

292. There would bee no great ones if there were no little ones.

293. It's no sure rule to fish with a cross-bow.

294. There were no ill language, if it were not ill taken.

295. The groundsell speakes not save what

Outlandish Proverbs.



what it heard at the hinges.

296. The best mirrour is an old friend.

297. Say no ill of the yeere, till it be past.

298. A mans discontent is his worst e-vill.

299. Feare nothing but sinne.

300. The child saies nothing, but what it heard by the fire.

301. Call me not an olive, till thou see me gathered.

302. That is not good language which all understand not.

303. Hee that burnes his house warmes himselfe for once.

304. He will burne his house, to warme his hands.

305. Hee will spend a whole yeares rent at one meales meate.

306. All is not gold that glisters.

307. A blustering night, a faire day.

308. Bee not idle and you shall not bee longing.

309. He is not poore that hath little, but he that desireth much.

310. Let none say, I will not drinke water,

311. Hee wrongs not an old-man that steales

Outlandish Proverbs. 9



steales his supper from him.

312. The tongue talkes at the heads
cost.

313. Hee that strikes with his tongue,
must ward with his head.

314. Keep not ill men company, lest you
increase the number.

315. God strikes not with both hands,
for to the sea he made havens, and to ri-
vers foords.

316. A rugged stone growes smooth
from hand to hand.

317. No lock will hold against the pow-
er of gold.

318. The absent partie is still fault ie.

319. Peace, and Patience, and death
with repentance.

320. If you loose your time, you cannot
get mony nor gaine.

321. Bee not a Baker, if your head be of
butter

322. Aske much to have a little.

323. Litle stickes kindle the fire; great
ones put it out.

324. Anothers bread costs deare.

325. Although it raine, throw not away
thy watering pot.

326. Although

Outlandish Proverbs.



326. Although the sun shine, leave not thy cloake at home.

327. A little with quiet is the onely dyet.

328. In vaine is the mill clacke, if the Miller his hearing lack.

329. By the needle you shall draw the thread, and by that which is past, see how that which is to come will be drawne on.

330. Stay a little and news will find you.

331. Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know the truth of the thing.

332. When God will, no winde, but brings raine,

333. Though you rise early, yet the day comes at his time, and not till then.

334. Pull downe your hatt on the winds side.

335. As the yeere is, your pot must seeth.

336. Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

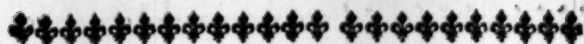
337. When the Foxe preacheth, beware geese.

338. When you are an Anvill, hold you still; when you are a hammer strike your fill.

339. Poore and liberall, rich and covetous.

340. He

Outlandish Proverbs.



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Outlandish Proverbs.



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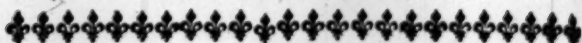
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338. When you are an Anvill, hold you still; when you are a hammer strike your fill.

339. Poore and liberall, rich and covetous.

340. He

Outlandish, Proverbs:



340. He that makes his bed ill, lies there.

341. Hee that labours and thrives spins gold.

342. He that sowes trusts in God.

343. Hee that lies with the dogs, riseth with fleas.

344. Hee that repaires not a part, builds all.

345. A discontented man kwes not where to sit easie.

346. Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.

347. Hee that dines and leaves, layes the cloth twice.

348. Who eates his cock alone must saddle his horse alone.

349. He that is not handsome at 20, nor strong at 30, nor rich at 40, nor wise at 50 will never bee handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

350. Hee that doth what hee will, doth not what he ought.

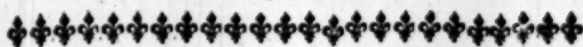
351. Hee that will deceive the fox, must rise betimes.

352. He that lives well sees a farre off.

353. He that hath a mouth of his owne, must not say to another ; Blow.

354. He

Outlandish Proverbs.



354. He that will be served must bee patient.

355. Hee that gives thee a bone, would not have thee die.

356. He that chastens one, chastens 20.

357. He that hath lost his credit is dead to the world.

358. He that hath no ill fortune, is troubled with good.

359. Hee that demands misseeth not, unlesse his demands be foolish.

360. He that hath no hony in his pot, let him have it in his mouth.

361. He that takes not up a pin, flights his wife.

362. He that owes nothing, if he makes not mouthes at us, is courteous.

363. Hee that looseth his due, gets not thanks.

364. Hee that beleeveth all, misseeth, hee that beleeveth nothing, hitts not.

365. Pardons and pleasantnesse are great revenges of slanders.

366. A married man turnes his staffe into a stake.

367. If you would know secrets, looke them in grieve or pleasure.

368. Serve

Outlandish Proverbs.



368. Serve a noble disposition, though poore, the time comes that hee will repay thee.

369. The fault is as great as hee that is faulty.

370. If folly were grieve every house would weepe.

371. Hee that would bee well old, must bee old betimes.

372. Sit in your place and none can make you rise.

373. If you could runne, as you drinke, you might catch a hare.

374. Would you know what mony is, Go borrow some.

375. The morning Sunne never lasts a day.

376. Thou hast death in thy house, and dost bewaile anothers.

377. All griefes with bread are lesse.

378. All things require skill, but an appetite.

379. All things have their place, knew wee, how to place them.

380. Little pitchers have wide eares.

381. We are fooles one to another.

382. This world is nothing except it tend to another.

383. There

Outlandish Proverbs.

383. There are three waies, the Vniuersities, the Sea, the Court.

384. God comes to see without a bell.

385. Life without a friend is death without a witnesse.

386. Cloath thee in war, arme thee in peace.

387. The horse thinkes one thing, and he that saddles him another.

388. Mills and wives ever want.

389. The dog that licks ashes, trust not with meale.

390. The buyer needes a hundred eyes, the seller not one.

391. He carries well, to whom it waighes not.

392. The comforters head never akes.

393. Step after step the ladder is ascended.

394. Who likes not the drinke, God deprives him of bread.

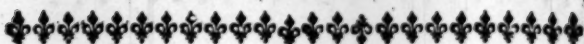
395. To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.

396. Justice pleaseth few in their owne house.

397. In times comes he, whom God sends.

398. Water

Outlandish Proverbs



398. Water a farre off quenbeth not fire.

399. In sports and journeyes men are knowne.

400. An old friend is a new house.

401. Love is not found in the market.

402. Dry feet, warme head, bring safe to bed.

403. Hee is rich enough that wants nothing.

404. One father is enough to governe one hundred sons, but not a hundred sons one father.

405. Farre shooting never kild bird.

406. An upbraided morsell never choaked any.

407. Dearthis foreseene come not.

408. An ill labourer quarrells with his tooles.

409. Hee that falles into the durt, the longer he stayes there, the fowler he is.

410. He that blames would buy.

411. He that sings on friday, will weepe on Sunday.

412. The charges of building, and making of gardens are unknowne.

413. My

Outlandish Proverbs.



413. My house, my house, though thou art small, thou art to me the Escoriall.

414. A hundred loades of thought will not pay one of debts.

415. Hee that comes of a hen must scrape.

416. He that seekes trouble never misses.

417. He that once deceives is ever suspected.

418. Being on sea saile, being on land settle.

419. Who doth his owne businesse, foules not his hands.

420. Hee that makes a good warre makes a good peace.

421. Hee that workes after his owne manner, his head akes not at the matter.

422. Who hath bitter in his mouth, spits not all sweet.

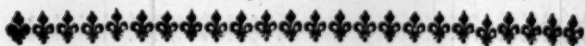
423. He that hath children, all his morsels are not his owne.

424. He that hath the spice, may season as he list.

425. He that hath a head of waxe must not walke in the sunne.

426. Hee

Outlandish Proverbs.



426 He that hath love in his brest, hath
spurres in his sides.

427. Hee that respects not, is not re-
spected.

428. Hee that hath a Fox for his mate,
hath neede of a net at his girdle.

429. He that hath right, feares, he that
hath wrong, hopes.

430. Hee that hath patience hath fast
thrushes for a farthing.

431. Never was strumpet faire.

432. He that measures not himselfe, is
measured.

433. Hee that hath one hogge makes
him fat, and hee that hath one son makes
him a foole.

434. Who lets his wife goe to every
featt, and his horse drinke at every water,
shall neither have good wife nor good
horse.

435. He that speakes sowes, and he that
hokis his peace, gathers.

436. He that hath little is the lesse dur-
tie.

437. He that lives most dies most.

438. He that hath one foot in the straw,
hath another in the spittle.

439. He

Outlandish Proverbs.



439. Hee that's fed at anothers hand
may stay long ere he be full.

440. Hee that makes a thing too fine,
breakes it.

441. Hee that bewailes himselfe hath
the cure in his hands.

442. He that would be well, needs not
goe from his owne house.

443. Councell breakes not the head.

444. Fly the pleasure that bites to mor-
row.

445. Hee that knowes what may bee
gained in a day never steales.

446. Mony refused loseth its bright-
nesse.

447. Health and mony goe farre.

448. Where your will is ready, your
feete are light.

449. A great ship askes deepe waters.

450. Woe to the house where there is
no chiding.

451. Take heede of the viniger of
sweet wine.

452. Fooles bite one another, but wise-
men agree together.

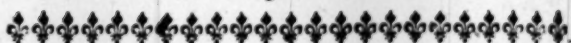
453. Trust not one nights ice.

454. Good is good, but better carries
it.

C

455. To

Outlandish Proverbs.



455. To gaine teacheth how to spend.
456. Good finds good.
457. The dog gnawes the bone because he cannot swallow it.
458. The crow bewailes the sheepe, and then eates it.
459. Building is a sweet impoverishing.
460. The first degree of folly is to hold ones selfe wise, the second to professe it, the third to despise counsell.
461. The greatest step is that out of doores.
462. To weepe for joy is a kinde of Manna.
463. The first service a child doth his father is to make him foolish.
464. The resolved minde hath no cares.
465. In the kingdome of a cheater, the wallet is carried before.
466. The eye will have his part.
467. The good mother sayes not, will you? but gives.
468. A house and a woman sute excellently.
469. In the kingdome of blindmen the one ey'd is king.

Outlandish Proverbs.



470. A little Kitchin makes a large house.

471. Warre makes theeves, and peace hangs them.

472. Poverty is the mother of health.

473. In the morning mountaines, in the evening fountaines.

474. The back-doore robs the house.

475. Wealth is like rheume, it falles on the weakest parts.

476. The gowne is his that weares it, and the world his that enjoyes it.

477. Hope is the poore mans bread.

478. Vertue now is in herbs and stones and words onely.

479. Fine words dresse ill deedes.

480. Labour as long liu'd, pray as even dying.

481. A poore beauty finds more lovers then husbands.

482. Discreet women have neither eyes nor eares.

483. Things well fitted abide.

484. Prettinesse dies first.

485. Talking payes no toll.

486. The masters eye fattens the horse, and his foote the ground.

Outlandish Proverbs.



487. Disgraces are like cherries, one draws another.

488. Praise a hill, but keepe below.

489. Praise the Sea, but keepe on land.

490. In chusing a wife, and buying a sword, we ought not to trust another.

491. The wearer knowes, where the shoe wrings.

492. Faire is not faire, but that which pleaseth.

493. There is no jollitie but hath a smack of folly.

494. He that's long agiving, knowes not how to give.

495. The filth under the white snow, the sunne discovers.

496. Every one fastens where there is gaine.

497. All feete tread not in one shoe.

498. Patience, time and money accomodate all things.

499. For want of a naile the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.

500. Weigh justly and sell dearly.

501. Little wealth little care.

502. Little journeys and good cost, bring

Outlandish Proverbs.



bring safe home.

503. Gluttony kills more then the sword.

504. When childten stand quiet, they have done some ill.

505. A little and good fills the trencher.

506. A penny spar'd is twice got.

507. When a knave is in a plumtree he hath neither friend nor kin.

508. Short boughs, long vintage.

509. Health without money, is halfe an ague.

510. If the wise erred not, it would goe hard with fooles.

511. Beare with evill, and expect good.

512. He that tells a secret, is anothers servant.

513. If all fooles wore white Caps, wee should seeme a flock of geese.

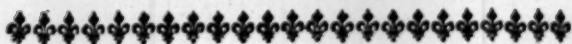
514. Water, fire, and souldiers, quickly make roome.

515. Pension never enriched young man.

516. Vnder water, famine, under snow bread.

517. The Lame goes as farre as your staggerer.

Outlandish Proverbs.



518. He that looseth is Marchant as well
as he that gaines.

519. A jade eates as much as a good
horse.

520. All things in their beeing are
good for something.

521. One flower makes no garland.

522. A faire death honours the whole
life.

523. One enemy is too much.

524. Living well is the best revenge.

525. One foole makes a hundred.

526. One paire of eares drawes dry
a hundred tongues.

527. A foole may throw a stone into a
well, which a hundred wise men cannot
pull out.

528. One slumber finds another.

529. On a good bargaine thinke twice.

530. To a good spender God is the
Treasurer.

531. A curst Cow hath short hornes.

532. Musick helps not the tooth-ach.

533. We cannot come to honour un-
der Coverlet.

534. Great paines quickly find ease.

535. To the counsell of fooles a wood-
den bell.

536. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



536. The cholerick man never wants woe.

537. Helpe thy selfe, and God will helpe thee.

538. At the games end we shall see who gaires.

539. There are many waies to fame.

540. Love is the true price of love.

541. Love rules his kingdome without a sword.

542. Love makes all hard hearts gentle.

543. Love makes a good eye squint.

544. Love askes faith, and faith firmesse.

545. A scepter is one thing, and a ladle another.

546. Great trees are good for nothing but shade.

547. Hee commands enough that obeyes a wise man.

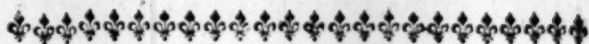
548. Faire words makes mee looke to my purse.

549. Though the Fox run, the chicken hath wings.

750. He plaies well that winnes.

551. You must strike in measure, when there

Outlandish Proverbs.



there are many to strike on one Anvile.

552. The shortest answer is doing.

553. It's a poore stake that cannot stand one yeare in the ground.

554. He that commits a fault, thinkes every one speakes of it.

555. He that's foolish in the fault, let him be wise in the punishment.

556. The blind eate many a flie.

557. He that can make a fire well, can end a quarrell.

558. The tooth-ach is more ease, then to deale with ill people.

559. Hee that should have what hee hath not, should doe what he doth not.

560. He that hath no good trade, it is to his losse.

561. The offender never pardons.

562. He that lives not well one yeare, sorrowes seven after.

563. He that hopes not for good, feares not evill.

564. He that is angry at a feast is rude.

565. He that mockes a cripple, ought to be whole.

566. When the tree is fallen, all goe with their hatchet.

567. He

Outlandish Proverbs.



567. He that hath hornes in his bosom,
let him not put them on his head.

568. He that burnes most shines most.

569. He that trusts in a lie, shall perish
in truch.

570. Hee that blowes in the dust fills
his eyes with it.

571. Bells call others, but themselves
enter not into the Church.

572. Of faire things, the Autumne is
faire.

573. Giving is dead, restoring very
sicke.

574. A gift much expected is paid, not
given.

575. Two ill meales make the third a
glutton.

576. The Royall Crowne cures not
the head-ach.

577. 'Tis hard to be wretched, but worse
to be knowne so.

578. A feather in hand is better then a
bird in the ayre.

579. It's better to be head of a Lyzard,
then the tayle of a Lyon.

580. Good & quickly seldome meete.

581. Folly growes without watering.

582. Hap-

Outlandish Proverbs,



582. Happier are the hands compast
with yron, then a heart with thoughts.

583. If the staffe be crooked, the shad-
dow cannot be straight.

584. To take the nuts from the fire with
the dogges foot.

585. He is a foole that makes a wedge
of his fist.

586. Valour that parlies, is neare yeel-
ding.

587. Thursday come, and the week's
gone.

588. A flatterers throat is an open Se-
pulcher.

589. There is great force hidden in a
sweet command.

590. The command of custome is
great.

591. To have money is a feare, not to
have it a grieve.

592. The Catt sees not the mouse e-
ver.

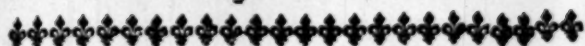
593. Little dogs start the Hare, the
great get her.

594. Willows are weake, yet they
bind other wood.

595. A good prayer is master of ano-
thers purse.

596. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



596. The thread breakes, where it is weakest.

597. Old men, when they scorne young make much of death.

598. God is at the end, when we thinke he is furthest off it.

599. A good Judge conceives quickly, judges slowly.

600. Rivers neede a spring.

601. He that contemplates, hath a day without night.

602. Give loosers leave to talke.

603. Losse embraceth shame.

604. Gaming, women, and wine, while they laugh they make men pine.

605. The fatt man knoweth not, what the leane thinketh.

606. Wood halfe burnt is easily kindled.

607. The fish adores the bait.

608. He that goeth farre hath many encounters.

609. Every bees hony is sweet.

610. The slothfull is the servant of the counters.

611. Wisedome hath one foot on Land, and another on Sea.

612. The

Outlandish Proverbs:



612. The thought hath good leggs,
and the quill a good tongue.

613. A wise man needes not blush for
changing his purpose.

614. The March sunne raises but dis-
solves not.

615 Time is the Rider that breakes
youth.

616. The wine in the bottell doth not
quench thirst.

617. The sight of a man hath the force
of a Lyon.

618. An examin'd enterprize, goes on
boldly.

619. In every Art it is good to have a
master.

620. In every country dogges bite.

621. In every countrey the sun rises in
the morning.

622. A noble plant suites not with a
stubborne ground.

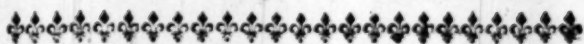
623. You may bring a horse to the river,
but he will drinke when and what he plea-
seth.

624. Before you make a friend, cate a
bushell of salt with him.

625. Speake fitly, or be silent wisely.

626. Skill

Outlandish Proverbs.



626. Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.

627. I was taken by a morsell, saies the fish.

628. A disarmed peace is weake.

629. The ballance distinguisheth not betweene gold and lead.

630. The perswasion of the fortunate swaies the doubtfull.

631. To bee beloved is above all bargaines.

632. To deceive ones selfe is very easie.

633. The reasons of the poore weigh not.

634. Perversnes makes one squint ey'd.

635. The evening praises the day, and the morning a frost.

636. The table robbes more then a thiefe.

637. When age is jocond it makes sport for death.

638. True praise rootes and spreedes.

639. Feares are divided in the midst.

640. The soule needes few things, the body many.

641. Astrologie is true, but the Astrologers cannot finde it.

642. Ty

Outlandish Proverbs.



642. Ty it well, and let it goe.

643. Emptie vessels sound most.

644. Send not a Catt for Lard.

645. Foolish tongues talke by the dozen.

646. Love makes one fitt for any work.

647. A pittifull mother makes a scald head.

648. An old Physitian, and a young Lawyer.

649. Talke much and erre much, saies the Spanyard.

650. Some make a conscience of spitting in the Church, yet robbe the Altar.

651. An idle head is a boxe for the winde.

652. Shew me a lyer, and ile shew thee a theefe.

653. A beane in liberty, is better then a comfit in prison.

654. None is borne Master.

655. Shew a good man his errour and he turnes it to a vertue, but an ill, it doubles his fault.

656. None is offended but by himselfe.

657. None saies his Garner is full.

658. In

Outlandish Proverbs.

658. In the husband, wisedome, in the wife gentlenesse.

659. Nothing dries sooner then a teare.

660. In a Leopard the spotts are not observed.

661. Nothing lasts but the Church.

662. A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.

663. It's not good fishing before the net.

664. He cannot be vertuous that is not rigorous.

665. That which will not be spun, let it not come betweene the spindle and the distaffe.

666. When my house burnes, it's not good playing at Chesse.

667. No barber shaves so close, but another finds worke.

668. Ther's no great bariquet, but some fares ill.

669. A holy habit clenseth not a foule soule.

670. Forbeare not sowing, because of birds.

671. Mention not a halter in the house of him that was hanged.

672. Speake

Outlandish, Proverbs.



672. Speake not of a dead man at the table.

673. A hatt is not made for one shower.

674. No sooner is a Temple built to God but the Devill builds a Chappell hard by.

675. Every one puts his fault on the Times.

676. You cannot make a wind-mill goe with a paire of bellows.

677. Pardon all but thy selfe.

678. Every one is weary, the poore in seeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.

679. The escaped mouse ever feelles the taste of the bait.

680. A litle wind kindles; much puts out the fire.

681. Dry bread at home is better then rost meate abroad.

682. More have repented speech then silence.

683. The coveteous spends more then the liberall.

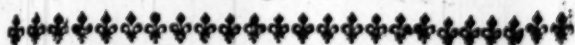
684. Divine ashes are better then earthly meale.

685. Beauty drawes more then oxen.

686. One father is more then a hundred Schoolemasters.

687. One

Onlandish Proverbs.



687. One eye of the masters sees more,
then ten of the servants.

688. When God will punish, hee will
first take away the understanding.

689. A little labour, much health.

690. When it thunders, the theefe be-
comes honest.

691. The tree that God plants, no
winde hurts it.

692. Knowledge is no burthen.

693. It's a bold mouse that nestles in
the catte care.

694. Long jesting was never good.

695. If a good man thrive, all thrive
with him.

696. If the mother had not beene in
the oven, shee had never sought her
daughter there.

697. If great men would have care of
little ones, both would last long.

698. Though you see a Church-man
ill, yet continue in the Church still.

699. Old praise dies, unlesse you feede
it.

700. If things were to be done twice, all
would be wise.

701. Had you the world on your

D.

Chick

Outlandish Proverbs.



Cheffe-bord, you could not fit all to your mind.

702. Suffer and expect.

703. If fooles should not foole it, they should loose their season.

704. Love and businesse teach eloquence.

705. That which two will, takes effect.

706. He complaines wrongfully on the sea that twice suffers shipwrack.

707. He is onely bright that shines by himselfe.

708. A valiant mans looke is more then a cowards sword.

709. The effect speakes, the tongue needes not.

710. Divine grace was never slow.

711. Reason lies betweene the spurre and the bridle.

712. It's a proud horse that will not carry his owne provender.

713. Three women make a market.

714. Three can hold their peace, if two be away.

715. It's an ill counsell that hath no escape.

716. All

Outlandish Proverbs.



716. All our pompe the earth covers.

717. To whirle the eyes too much
shewes a Kites braine.

718. Comparisons are odious.

719. All keyes hang not on one gir-
dle.

720. Great businesles turne on a little
pinne.

721. The wind in ones face makes one
wise.

722. All the Armes of England will
not arme feare.

723. One sword keepes another in the
sheath.

724. Be what thou wouldst seeme to
be.

725. Let all live as they would die.

726. A gentle heart is tyed with an easie
thread.

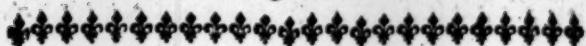
727. Sweet discourse makes short daies
and nights.

728. God provides for him that tru-
steth.

729. He that will not have peace, God
gives him warre.

730. To him that will, waies are not
wanting.

Outlandish Proverbs.



731. To a great night a great Lan-
thorne.

732. To a child all weather is cold.

733. Where there is peace, God is.

734. None is so wise, but the foole o-
vertakes him.

735. Fooles give, to please all, but their
owne.

736. Prosperity lets goe the bridle.

737. The Frier preached against stea-
ling, and had a goose in his sleeve.

738. To be too busie gets contempt.

739. February makes a bridge and
March breakes it.

740. A horse stumbles that hath four
legges.

741. The best sinell is bread, the best fa-
vour, salt, the best love that of children.

742. That's the best gowne that goes
up and downe the house.

743. The market is the best garden.

744. The first dish pleaseth all.

745. The higher the Ape goes, the
more he shewes his taile.

746. Night is the mother of Counsels.

747. Gods Mill grinds slow, but
sure.

748. Every

Outlandish Proverbs.



748. Every one thinkes his sacke heaviest.

749. Drought never brought dearth.

750. All complaine.

751. Gamsters and race-horses never last long..

752. It's a poore sport that's nor worth the candle.

753. He that is fallen cannot helpe him that is downe.

754. Every one is witty for his owne purpose.

755. A little lett lets an ill workemans.

756. Good workemen are seldome rich.

757. By doing nothing we learne to do ill.

758. A great dowry is a bed full of brables.

759. No profit to honour, no honour to Religion.

760. Every sin brings it's punishment with it.

761. Of him that speakes ill, consider the life more then the words.

762. You cannot hide an eele in a sacke.

763. Give not S. Peter so much, to leave

Outlandish Proverbs.



Saint Paul nothing.

764. You cannot flea a stone.

765. The chiefe disease that raignes
this yeare is folly.

766. A sleepy master makes his servant
a Lowt.

767. Better speake truth rudely , then
lye covertly.

768. He that feares leaves, let him not
goe into the wood.

769. One foote is better then two
crutches.

770. Better suffer ill, then doe ill.

771. Neither praise nor dispraise thy
selfe, thy actions serve the turne.

772. Soft and faire goes fatte.

773. The constancy of the benefit of
the yeere in their seasons, argues a Deity.

774. Praise none too much , for all are
fickle.

775. It's absurd to warme one in his ar-
mour.

776. Law sutes consume time, and
mony, and rest, and friends.

777. Nature drawes more then ten
reemes.

778. Hee that hath a wife and children
wants not businesse.

779. A

Outlandish Proverbs.



780. A shippe and a woman are ever repairing.

781. He that feares death lives not.

782. He that pitties another, remembers himselfe.

783. He that doth what he should not, shall feelee what he would not.

784. Hee that marries for wealth sells his liberty.

785. He that once hitts, is ever bending.

786. He that serves, must serve.

787. He that lends, gives.

788. He that preacheth giveth almes.

789. He that cockers his child, provides for his enemie.

790. A pittifull looke askes enough.

791. Who will sell the Cow, must say the word.

792. Service is no Inheritance.

793. The faulty stands on his guard.

794. A kinsman, a friend, or whom you intreate, take not to serve you, if you will be served neatly.

795. At Court, every one for himselfe.

796. To a crafty man, a crafty and an halfe.

797. Hee that is throwne, would ever wrestle.

Outlandish Proverbs.



798. He that serves well needes not ask his wages.

799. Faire language grates not the tongue.

800. A good heart cannot lye.

801. Good swimmers at length are drowned.

802. Good land, evill way.

803. In doing we learne.

804. It's good walking with a horse in ones hand.

805. God, and Parents, and our Master, can never be requited.

806. An ill deede cannot bring honour,

807. A small heart hath small desires.

808. All are not merry that dance lightly.

809. Curtesie on one side only lasts not long.

810. Wine-Counsels seldome prosper.

811. Weening is not measure.

812. The best of the sport is to doe the deede, and say nothing.

813. If thou thy selfe canst doe it, attend no others helpe or hand.

814. Of a little thing a little displeaseth.

815. He

Outlandish Proverbs.



815. He warmes too neere that burnes.

816. God keepe me from foute houses,
an Vsurers, a Taverne, a Spittle, and a Prison.

817. In hundred elles of contention,
there is not an inch of love.

818. Doe what thou oughtest, and come
what come can.

819. Hunger makes dinners, pastime
suppers.

820. In a long journey straw waighs.

821. Women laugh when they can,
and weepe when they will.

822. Warre is deaths feast.

823. Set good against evill.

824. Hee that brings good newes
knockes hard.

825. Beate the dog before the Lyon.

826. Hast comes not alorie.

827. You must loose a flie to catch a
trout.

828. Better a snotty child, then his nose
wip'd off.

829. No prison is faire, nor love foule.

830. Hee is not free that drawes his
chaine.

831. Hee goes not out of his way, that
goes to a good Inne.

832. There

Outlandish Proverbs.



833. There come nought out of the sacke but what was there.

834. A little given seasonably, excuses a great gift.

835. Hee lookes not well to himselfe that lookes not ever.

836. He thinkes not well, that thinkes not againe.

837. Religion, Credit, and the Eye are not to be touched.

838. The tongue is not Steele, yer it cuts.

839. A white wall is the paper of a foole.

840. They talke of Christmas so long, that it comes.

841. That is gold which is worth gold.

842. It's good tying the sack before it be full.

843. Words are women, deedes are men.

844. Poverty is no sinne.

845. A stone in a well is not lost.

846. He can give little to his servant, that lickes his knife.

847. Promising is the eve of giving.

848. Hee that keepes his owne makes warre.

849. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



849. The Wolfe must dye in his owne skinne.

850. Goods are theirs that enjoy them.

851. He that sends a foole expects one.

852. He that can stay obtaines.

853. Hee that gaines well and spends well, needes no count booke.

854. He that endures, is not overcome.

855. He that gives all, before hee dies provides to suffer.

856. He that talks much of his happinesse summons grieve.

857. Hee that loves the tree, loves the branch

858. Who hastens a glutton choakes him.

859. Who praiseth Saint *Peter*, doth not blame Saint *Paul*.

860. He that hath not the craft, let him shut up shop.

861. He that knowes nothing, doubts nothing.

862. Greene wood makes a hot fire.

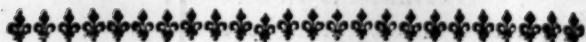
863. He that marries late, marries ill.

864. He that passeth a winters day escapes an enemy.

865. The Rich knowes not who is his friend.

866. A

Outlandish Proverbs:



866. A morning sunne, and a wine-bred child, and a latin-bred woman, seldom end well.

867. To a close shorne sheepe, God gives wind by measure.

868. A pleasure long expected, is deare enough sold.

869. A poore mans Cow dies rich mans child.

870. The Cow knowes not what her taile is worth, till she have lost it.

871. Chuse a horse made, and a wife to make.

872. It's an ill aire where wee gaine nothing.

873. Hee hath not liv'd, that lives not after death.

874. So many men in Court and so many strangers.

875. He quits his place well, that leaves his friend there.

876. That which sufficeth is not little.

877. Good newes may bee told at any time, but ill in the morning.

878. Hee that would be a Gentleman, let him goe to an assault.

879. Who paies the Physitian, does the cure.

880. None

Outlandish Proverbs.



880. None knowes the weight of anothers burthen.

881. Every one hath a foole in his sleeve.

882. One houres sleepe before midnight, is worth three after.

883. In a retreat the lame are formost.

884. It's more paine to doe nothing then something.

885. Amongst good men two men suffice.

886. There needs a long time to know the worlds pulse.

887. The ofspring of those that are very young, or very old, lasts not.

888. A Tyrant is most tyrant to himselfe.

889. Too much taking heede is losse.

890. Craft against craft, makes no living.

891. The Reverend are ever before.

892. *France* is a meddow that cuts thrice a yeere.

893. 'Tis easier to build two chimneys, then to maintaine one.

894. The Court hath no Almanack.

895. He that will enter into Paradise,
must

Outlandish Proverbs.



must have a good key.

896. When you enter into a house,
leave the anger ever at the doore.

897. Hee hath no leisure who useth it
not.

898. It's a wicked thing to make a
dearth ones garner.

899. He that deales in the world needes
foure seeves.

900. Take heede of an oxe before, of an
horse behind, of a monke on all sides.

901. The yeare doth nothing else but
open and shut.

902. The ignorant hath an Eagles
wings, and an Owles eyes.

903. There are more Physitians in
health then drunkards.

904. The wife is the key of the house.

905. The Law is not the same at mor-
ning and at night.

906. Warre and Physicke are gover-
ned by the eye.

907. Halfe the world knowes not how
the other halfe lies.

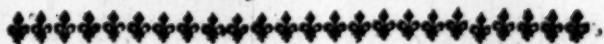
908. Death keepes no Calender.

909. Ships feare fire more then water.

910. The least foolish is wise.

911. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



911. The chiefe boxe of health is time.

912. Silkes and Satins put out the fire
in the chimney.

913. The first blow is as much as two.

914. The life of man is a winter way.

915. The way is an ill neighbour.

916. An old mans staffe is the rapper of
deaths doore.

917. Life is halfe spent before we know,
what it is.

918. The singing man keeps his shop
in his throate.

919. The body is more drest then the
soule.

920. The body is sooner drest then the
soule.

921. The Physitian owes all to the pa-
tient, but the patient owes nothing to him
but a little mony.

922. The little cannot bee great, unlesse
he devoure many.

923. Time undermines us.

924. The Chollerick drinkes, the Me-
lancholick eates; the Flegmatick sleeps.

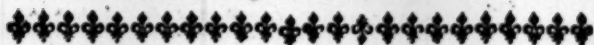
925. The Apothecaries mortar spoiles
the Luters musick.

926. Conversation makes one what he

is.

927. The

Outlandish Proverbs.



927. The deafe gaines the injury.
928. Yeeres know more then bookes.
929. Wine is a turne-coate (first a friend,
then an enemy.)
930. Wine ever paies for his lodging.
931. Wine makes all sorts of creatures
at table.
932. Wine that cost nothing is digested
before it be drunke.
933. Trees eate but once.
934. Armour is light at table.
935. Good horses make short miles.
936. Castles are Forrests of stones.
937. The dainties of the great, are the
teares of the poore.
938. Parsons are soules waggoners.
939. Children when they are little
make parents fooles, when they are great
they makethem mad.
940. The M^r. absent, and the house dead.
941. Dogs are fine in the field.
942. Sinnes are not knowne till they bee
acted.
943. Thornes whiten yet doe nothing.
944. All are presumed good, till they
are found in a fault.
945. The great put the little on the
hooke.
946. The

Outlandish Proverbs:



946. The great would have none great
and the little all little.

947. The Italians are wise before the
deede, the Germanes in the deede, the
French after the deede.

949. Every mile is two in winter.

950. Spectacles are deaths Harqueburze.

951. Lawyers houses are built on the
heads of fooles.

952. The house is a fine house, when
good folke are within.

953. The best bred have the best por-
tion.

954. The first and last frosts are the
worst.

955. Gifts enter every where without
a wimble.

956. Princes have no way.

957. Knowledge makes one laugh, but
wealth makes one dance.

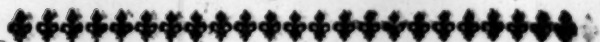
958. The Citizen is at his businesse
before he rise.

959. The eyes have one language every
where.

960. It is better to have wings then
horns.

961. Better be a foole then a knave.

Outlandish Proverbs.



962. Count not fewre except you have them in a wallett.

963. To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

964. You may be on land, yet not in a garden.

965. You cannot make the fire so low but it will get out.

966. Wee know not who lives or dies.

967. An Oxe is taken by the horns, and a Man by the tongue.

968. Many things are lost for want of asking.

969. No Church-yard is so handsom, that a man would desire straight to bee buried there.

970. Citties are taken by the eares.

971. Once a yeare a man may say: on his conscience.

972. Wee leave more to do when wee dye, then wee have done.

973. With customes wee live well, but Lawes under us.

974. To speake of an Usurer at the table, marres the wine.

975. Paines to get, care to keep, feare to lose.

976. For

Outlandish Proverbs.



976. For a morning raine leave not your journey.

977. One faire day in winter makes not birds merrie.

978. Hee that learnes a trade hath a purchase made.

979. When all men have, what belongs to them, it cannot bee much.

980. Though God take the sunne out of the Heaven yet we must have patience.

981. When a man sleepest, his head is in his stomach.

982. When one is on horsebacke hee knowes all things.

983. When God is made master of a family, he orders the disorderly.

984. When a Lackey comes to hells doore the devils locke the gates.

985. He that is at ease, seekes dainties.

986. Hee that hath charge of soules, transports them not in bundles.

987. Hee that tells his wile newes is but newly married.

988. Hee that is in a towne in May, loseth his spring.

989. Hee that is in a Taverne, thinkes he is in a vine-garden.

Outlandish Proverbs



1003. Hee that goes to bed thirsty, riseth healthy.

1004. Who will make a doore of gold must knock a naile every day.

1005. A trade is better then service.

1006. Hee that lives in hope danceth without musick.

1007. To review ones store is to mow twice.

1008. Saint *Luke* was a Saint and a Physitian, yet is dead.

1009. Without businesse debauchery.

1010. Without danger we cannot get beyond danger.

1011. Health and sicknesse surely are mens double enemies.

1012. If gold knew what gold is, gold would get gold I wis.

1013. Little losses amaze, great, tame.

1014. Chuse none for thy servant, who have served thy betters.

1015. Service without reward is punishment.

1016. If the husband be not at home, there is nobodie.

1017. An oath that is not to bee made, is not to be kept.

1018. The

Outlandish Proverbs)



1018. The eye is bigger then the belly.

1019. If you would bee at ease, all the world is not,

1020. Were it not for the bone in the legge, all the world would turne Carpenters (to make them crutches.)

1021. If you must flie, flie well.

1022. All that shakes fallies not.

1023. All beasts of prey, are strong or treacherous.

1024. If the braine sowes not corn, it plants thistles.

1025. A man well mounted, is ever Cholerick.

1026. Every one is a master and servant.

1027. A piece of a Churchyard fits every body.

1028. One month doth nothing without another.

1029. A master of straw eates a servant of Steele.

1030. An old cat sports not with her prey

1031. A woman conceales what shee knowes not.

1032. Hee that wipes the childs nose, kisseth the mothers checke.

F I N I S.

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